

THE SATIRIST, OR, MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1, 1811.

*To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Prince Regent
of the British Empire.*

LETTER IV.

SIR,

WHILE the professed friends of Ireland are loudly calling upon your Royal Highness to ameliorate the condition of that unhappy and deluded country, they studiously endeavour to conceal the real causes of all her sufferings, by the grossest misrepresentations and the most flagrant falsehoods.

With the view of strengthening their own political party they recommend measures to be adopted, which, instead of palliating the existing evils, would give confidence to the wicked, and facilitate the commission of increased enormities. They insinuate, that the chief part of those outrages which have disgraced the sister kingdom is to be attributed to the *disabilities* under which such of her inhabitants as profess the Roman Catholic religion at present labor; and have, in a great measure, succeeded in causing it to be imagined that such is really the case. A confidential agent of the gentleman who leads the opposition in the *lower House* has very recently been employed in

collecting and arranging such *facts* as tend to strengthen this opinion, which were to have been immediately published, in the form of a pamphlet, to which, it is reported, the name of his employer was to have been prefixed as *author*. Its appearance has however been *postponed*, and, as I am credibly informed, for this most extraordinary reason; namely, because the late successes in the Indian seas and on the peninsula of Spain and Portugal have rendered your Royal Highness's present ministers so deservedly popular, that this effort of their opponents would not have the *effect* which they expect it will produce at a moment, when the aspect of public affairs shall be less auspicious. This sufficiently proves that they consider the subject of *catholic emancipation* as a question of *party* rather than of *national* interest. It is natural that your Royal Highness should feel deeply interested in the fate of so large a portion of your future subjects as the Roman Catholics of *Ireland* constitute; and your anxiety to ameliorate their condition no man can more fervently admire than myself: all I fear is lest this amiable anxiety may induce you to countenance the plausible but delusive schemes of speculative politicians. It has been already observed, in the *forty-second* number of the same publication through the medium of which I now presume to address your Royal Highness, that there is no religion which tends so much to generate *sloth* as the *Roman Catholic*, and sloth will ever engender crime: by granting the catholics emancipation, we should in fact hold out a bounty for the encouragement to *idleness* and *vice*. In the days of Switzerland's liberty, this fact was abundantly manifest in her chequered provinces, of which every traveller has observed, that wheresoever the protestant religion prevailed, industry, happiness and competence were conspicuous in the smiling countenances of the inhabitants, and in the cultivation of their fields; while the Roman

Catholic districts displayed every mark of comparative inertness, misery and poverty. But, Sir, I am wandering from my object; which is not, at present, to discuss the question of *Catholic emancipation*, but to shew that it has nothing whatever to do with the outrages which so long have been, and still are, *nightly* committed in divers counties of the sister kingdom.

I trust, Sir, that the opposition advocates of *emancipation* will not have the hardihood to declare that the Catholic *peasantry* of Ireland feel any very lively interest in this often-agitated question: for every Irishman knows that if you were to tell any one of these deluded wretches that he was about to be '*emancipated*,' and even *fairly* to explain to him the *political* meaning of the word, he would be totally unable to comprehend its supposed advantages: and if the *peasantry* feel no present interest in the measure, they must, in order to prove that *Catholic disabilities* are the cause of the before-mentioned outrages, first shew that the *higher order* of Roman Catholics are the *instigators* of all the more than savage barbarities which have been practised; such as *carding men*, *houghing* and *cutting off the tails of cattle*, &c. &c. &c. And if they do shew this, upon what pretence can they call upon us to grant such wretches any indulgence or any boon? I by no means intend to insinuate that the higher orders of Catholics *are* concerned in any of these atrocities: with very few exceptions, I firmly believe the contrary. And even those who may fairly be suspected, are, I am persuaded, actuated by a very different and more wicked motive than that of *Catholic emancipation*.

The following documents, with the *originals* of which I have been favoured by a highly respected nobleman, who possesses very considerable landed property in one of the *disturbed* counties, sufficiently evince that the ob-

jects of the associated Irish banditti are not at all connected with *Catholic emancipation*.

“ This is to give notice that the people that bought the lands of Cerrocogary in the parish of Castle Connor, Lackair-aslevy, in the parish of Kilglass, Lockaneahel and Drenaghan in ditto, to give them up to the landlord again, or if ye do not let the herds give up their own charge on the ground, and let themselves herd and watch it—But the little spot called Kath-muilleen that Henry Simpson bought, may keep that for his own good character in the country.—Given under my hand, this 10th of Oct. 1806.

JACK THRASHER.

“ N. B. If they do not obey my orders, I will punish them according the utmost *rigour of my law!*”

The above notice was pasted upon the church-gate at Enniserone.—It may be necessary to inform your Royal Highness that the appellations of “ *Jack Thrasher* and *Murty Grandshaker*” are assumed by all the captains or leaders of the several gangs. The succeeding document informs us what are the *ostensible* and *avowed* objects of these barbarians.

Sirs,

As we have effected with success our designs, we hope that ye, the undenameed, will collect the different town lands Mentioned in order to bear our nocturnal expences, by so doing ill for ever gain the goodwill of the associated *Shakers*. We will for ever until we die, keep down the imposition of CLERGY and TITNES without doubt. Tullyhugh, Cariorile, Cunghill court, Clooncunny, and Reubane, and charge every person according to his abilities, from 1s. 8d. to a ten-penny piece. Gurtadrass and Claraugh. Any person denys payment, his name on paper we want. Leave Mr. Tyler to his freewill.

To Mr. Joseph Meredith, We are, gentlemen,

Gurtadrass, Robert Louheel, Yours, for ever after,

and Peter Tay, this to obey. MURTY GRANDSHAKER,

and JACK his man.

N. B. Many a night's rest we lost and expences.”

The following is a good specimen of the system of terror which has been adopted.

"To George Brett of Bullyglass.]

SIR,

Take notice that if you or any of your family are so fool-hardy as to give information against any of the party that went on Saturday night last to take your arms, we give you this timely warning that there will not exist a branch of your family, either son daughter, brother sister, brother child or sister child in this kingdom, go wherever you will for protection, there we have friends that will soon dispatch you, therefore let neither threatening, rewards or desire of revenge prevail on you to give information, if you have it in your power to give it, if you do we'll cut off and exterminate every root and branch of your family without exception, therefore be silent, or we will put these threatenings into immediate execution.

MURTY GRANDSHAKER,
and JACK his man.

When the Duke of Bedford was at the head of the Irish government the same indecisive, temporising system which paralyzed every department of Lord Grenville's administration produced an alarming increase of these horrid practices—I have now before me the copy of a letter written by a spirited and noble inhabitant of the county of Sligo to his Grace, in which the inefficiency of the measures adopted by the *then* existing government is forcibly pointed out, and the consequent increase of nocturnal outrages most perspicuously detailed:—Among other atrocious acts which the noble writer alludes to, he states that having called upon a tenant of his with the view of obtaining some information (which he, however, did not procure) the poor man was, in consequence of this visit, a few nights-

afterwards *carded* almost to death with a wool-card* ; he also mentions that in the same week six other men were thus tortured, and the tails and ears of forty head of cattle cut off—his lordship's letter concludes with observing, most justly, that unless more firm and decisive measures were adopted by government, the exertions of the magistrates would be of no avail.—And yet, Sir, it is for exercising such necessary firmness and decision that your Royal Highness's present ministers have been branded by their opponents as the *persecutors* of the *unoffending* and *maltreated* Irish, and represented as *goading* them to rebellion : while the measures which government have been compelled to pursue, have been, *by inuendo*, declared to *justify revolt and outrage !!!* How is it possible that these measures, while such base and inflaming insinuations are industriously spread abroad, should produce the effect for which they were wisely adopted and admirably calculated ? If the flame of discontent and rebellion be thus kept burning by the arts of an interested opposition, is it surprising that Ireland should be still disturbed ?—That the discontented may be induced to *hoist* the standard of *Catholic emancipation* is evidently the aim of these men—they know that a lawless mob may be easily directed to *any object* : the same wretches who applauded Brutus for Cæsar's murder, a few moments afterwards sought to avenge it by his death. While the associated Irish rebels have the abolition of *tithes* for their *ostensible* object, they conduce but little towards the completion of that which the opposition are so anxious to effect, in order to strengthen themselves by an union with the *Catholic party* ; they are therefore anxi-

* An instrument resembling a curry-comb, in shape, having long and sharp teeth of iron wire.

ous to excite an idea that *emancipation* would be a cure for *all* grievances, and thus to render revolt conducive to their own interests.

Are the champions of *emancipation* prepared to prove that the measure would abolish tythes—prevent the proprietors of the soil from entrusting the management of their estates to oppressive stewards and letting them to what are termed *middle men*—create a spirit of industry among the peasantry, and cause the land to produce a greater quantity of food in proportion to its consumers than it does at present?

If so, I will admit that it would tend to diminish the grievances of Ireland. But how is it to promote these salutary effects? Some of those very men who are loudest in their cries for this event, have violently objected to the *Union* on the grounds of its causing a great proportion of the inhabitants of Ireland to spend their property in England: now it is evident that *emancipation* would materially increase the number of these emigrants, which are at present chiefly confined to the protestants.

It is also evident that the price of land would, in the event of *emancipation*, be considerably enhanced by the increased number of purchasers, and the rents, consequently, become much higher.—Idleness and filth would continue to flourish, and with additional vigor in proportion as the Roman religion was encouraged. In short, I defy any man to point out a single advantage which the *peasantry* would derive from *emancipation*; and, this being the case, it is absurd to suppose that the measure would tend to tranquilize their minds, and to eradicate their savage propensity to revolt and outrage. Your Royal Highness will perceive that there is not the slightest allusion to their *religious disabilities* in any of the documents which I have quoted. It is true that during the late rebellion,

the rebels chiefly confined the infliction of their horrid barbarities to the protestants (whom they called Orange-men); but this was because those unhappy sufferers were known to be loyal subjects and enemies of revolt. They were also instigated by their infamous priests, who taught them to consider the murder of a protestant as acceptable to God! And it has been proved that the wretches exclaimed after the murders of Wexford, “*Thank God we have sent so many souls to Hell!*” but the cry for *emancipation*, notwithstanding all the exertions of the opposition and their agents, has never yet been raised by those who were in open rebellion—“*The Thrashers*” and “*the Shakers*” know not the meaning of the word: it is only *understood* by a few interested individuals, who, from the basest of *party motives*, are encouraged in *their* outcry by a desperate and ambitious faction. My object, Sir, as I before had the honor to observe, has not been to discuss the merits of the *Catholic question*, but to shew that the desire of *emancipation* was not the cause of the disturbances which have so long disgraced and afflicted Ireland; and that, if it were granted in the fullest extent, it would not, in any degree, tend either to ameliorate the condition, or to tranquilize the minds of the *Irish peasantry*.

If these observations should ever have the honor of being perused by your Royal Highness, I confidently trust that my anxiety to promote the cause of truth, and to expose the sophistry of delusion, will be accepted as an apology for my presumption. I have, Sir, the honor to remain, with the profoundest respect,

Your Royal Highness's

April 24th. Most devoted and most dutiful servant.

DUELLISTS.**MR. SATIRIST,**

THE numerous and increasing instances of the prevalent practice of duelling, with which our newspapers daily abound, yield not to the equally atrocious vice of suicide, for which our island has ever been notorious, and which, in the words of an admired poet, "makes her the reproach of neighbouring states."—There is nothing which appears more dreadful to the truly virtuous man than the manifest encouragement with which the former of these most fashionable crimes is received in the more elevated circles of society; and he beholds with equal horror and disgust, the professed duellist, not only admitted to the acquaintance, but entertained with every mark of respect and satisfaction in the houses of our nobility, clergy, and gentry. A military man of this age does not conceive his house free from stain, or his revenge complete, for a real or imaginary affront, until the offence be expiated by the blood of the transgressor, and his own life exposed to equal danger according to the present prescribed laws of honor; and were he to be guilty even of an attempt to avoid the contest, his retreat from the army would be the inevitable consequence. The abolition of duelling in a christian country like ours, is indeed an object of desirable attainment, and many have been the projects formed by individuals with that view, though hitherto without effect; it is true, that by the laws of England, the duellist and his second, when death ensues, are regarded as equally culpable, and alike principals in the capital offence of murder; yet frequently from the deficiency of positive, or the insufficiency of presumptive evidence, the criminal is acquitted, or only

found guilty of manslaughter. These then are clearly inadequate to the prevention of this crime, and do not at all discourage our modern men of honour from taking the law into their own hands, and pursuing this summary remedy; and was the penalty of immediate death as inevitable as human dissolution is certain, there doubtless are injuries of so serious and aggravated a nature, that he must be more than mortal who can so far subdue his passions as calmly to forgive them, or less than man, who feels not the imperious necessity of resentment, or desires not to wreak his vengeance upon the aggressor.

It has been asserted by many authors that suicide, the so much boasted courageous virtue of the ancients, is in itself the most decisive evidence of cowardice, and will not in any case admit of the least palliation. They affirm as its cause the want of resolution to undergo the difficulties and misfortunes of this life: but those who have accurately and impartially examined the human heart, and recognize all its frailties, will, I hope, allow that there are situations, calamities, and afflictions in this life, which the best and boldest amongst us would want strength to endure, and that the cup of human sufferings may be composed of such bitter materials, as would deter the most perfect fortitude from tempting the draught. Did not the Almighty Saviour of the world, when his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, pray that his cup might pass from him? And if he thus prayed, is it matter of astonishment that a weak human creature, oppressed with misery, in all the agony of grief and despair, should exclaim in the language of his Redeemer, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I do not stand forth the advocate of the duellist, or the suicide: with equal horror I contemplate them both. The man who in cold blood puts a period to the existence

of one of his fellow creatures, and he who daringly rushes uncalled into the awful presence of his Maker, will, on the day of retribution, be equally criminal in the eye of their judge; and when arraigned before his dread tribunal, whence there is no appeal, find to their sorrow, that life, whether suspended by the poinard of the ruffian, or the act of self-murder, is the gift of an allwise Creator, and not at the disposal of man.

If, however, we refer from effects to their causes, we shall find that many of the horrid transactions and events which blot the columns of our newspapers, and are there related as the immaterial news of the day, take for their origin the libertinism and unprincipled conduct of those who call themselves men of honor and fashion; and who employ their time and talents, which were given them for better purposes, in the ruin of the female sex, and in undermining the domestic peace and happiness of families.

Without soaring into the nice and abstruse disquisitions of Madan, or entering into any disputation upon adultery and seduction, considered as offences and insults to the Deity, it may be asserted, that the moral evils attendant upon these most baneful and predominant vices are of greater magnitude and more extensive influence than generally imagined. It was a remark of the famous Baron de Montesquieu, that "there are so many calamities attending the loss of virtue in a woman, the whole soul is so degraded by it, and so many other faults follow it, that in a popular state public incontinence may be regarded as the greatest misfortune." One is but too apt to imagine, that in female modesty and innocence there is a certain innate dignity which must strike with awe the boldest libertine, and form a safeguard against the attempts of the most audacious villainy: but, alas! experience sadly teaches that human nature has approached so

near the zenith of depravity, that the haughtier the reserve of modesty, and the greater the apparent difficulty of success, even so much the more liable is beauty to be marked as the victim of Thelyphthora, so much the nobler the completion of its ruin.

Απροσίκτως δ' ιρωτῶν δέσποιναι μανίζει. Pind. Nem. Carm. 11.

Let us imagine a lovely, virtuous, and unsuspecting female selected by a modern *man of honor* as his victim. He begins by the customary but dreadful measure of infusing into her youthful mind the most horrible notions of religion: those sentiments of piety which have been instilled by maternal care and early instruction, he undermines by the inuendoes of scepticism, and finally reduces to the obscurity of unbelief. These are the most efficacious means employed by the professed seducer; and should he succeed in eradicating all ideas of a religious nature, (which having previously obtained possession of her heart, is but too often the case) the conquest of her virtue no longer remains of difficult accomplishment. Another will pursue a different course, and under the cloak of honorable intentions, and the sacred promise of marriage, impose upon the credulity of the object of his vicious desires, and deceive her protectors.—For the transitory gratification of a guilty passion, what pains does he not bestow, what damnable arts does he not practise, what protestations does he not make, by what sacred oaths does he not plight his eternal fidelity? And when he has effected his accursed purpose, he glories in his triumph over a helpless female, and leaves her to her fate.

Every human being has his peculiar frailties, and there is amongst us many a man in whom the principles of worldly honor are deeply implanted, that rather than pardon his own daughter who has stained the blood of his family by her departure from virtue, he will behold her

perish for want at his gate ; and sooner than stretch forth the helping hand of parental support, he will spurn her from him, to mingle with those crowds of women, who obtain subsistence by their personal prostitution, and whose annals are a disgrace to our legislature. I will readily admit that there may be, and perhaps are women who from inclination and constitution are wicked, and in whom the seeds of lewdness and iniquity appear to have been sown at their birth ; yet it is also true that infinitely the greater number of those unfortunate females whom we behold taking their nocturnal rambles through our streets and throwing out their lures for the unwary, are reduced to this lowest degree of human infamy and misery, by the deceitful and destructive arts of men who were born to be their protectors. What is the situation of her, who, deceived by the artifices and promises, and overcome by the solicitations of the man upon whom she had fondly placed her affection, and in whom she suspected no guile, is expelled from her peaceful home by the haughty pride of her parents, cast upon the wide world without a roof to shelter, or a friend to succour her ; discarded by her relatives, shunned by the virtuous of her own sex, and despised by ours ? Her tender limbs unaccustomed to laborious employment, and now enervated by want, sink under the load of affliction ; those eyes which once were wont to sparkle with all the brilliancy of wit and vivacity, are now fixed with the vacant stare of lunacy, or roll with the wildness of despair ; and those cheeks whose bloom the peach viewed with envy, are now pale with disease and misery, or flushed with the hectic of shame. Should her strength and constitution be sufficient to prolong life, is it under such circumstances worthy the name ? Basely deserted by him upon whom her every hope of happiness was fixed, she looks around : all to her is dark ; by his

accursed atheistical sentiments she is deprived of the last consolatory refuge, religion; and, urged by the impulsive agonies of wretchedness, she plunges convulsively into the deep, and there seeks relief from all her sorrows. The innocent being to which she ought to have given birth perishes also, and with this accumulated burthen of unrepented guilt, she must one day appear before the judgment-seat of her Creator.

Yet still does the libertine continue in his wonted routine of dissipation; still does he choose some hapless being as the subject of his future persecutions, and desists not. But what are his reflections? Are there not moments when the images of those whom he has thus irreparably injured will obtrude themselves into his mental presence? Will not his thoughts sometimes wander to the once happy mansion, which through his vile machinations has lately heard no sounds but the heart-rending sighs of grief, or the convulsive sorrowings of despair? Will not that unerring monitor, which our Almighty parent has ingrafted in every bosom, and whose calls none can stifle, display these scenes to his heart, and declare himself their cause? And can he, notwithstanding, as he raises the flowing goblet to his lips, boast of his victory over a woman, and fancy himself elevated in the estimation of his companions, by having probably added one more to the already crowded list of those whose increase calls loudly for correction?

Instances of this flagrant vice are not wanting amongst men in matrimonial life. We have lately been witnesses to the infamous conduct of one, who though blessed with every happiness which an ample fortune, beauteous wife, and healthy progeny could afford, did not hesitate to plot the ruin of an amiable girl, who relying upon his sacred engagement, and lulled into false security, conceived his

attentions to arise from politeness, and mistook his solicitude for protection. The termination of this affair was too tragical to bear any comment, and lest I should unintentionally wound the feelings of any friend of the parties into whose hands your publication may fall, I will pass it over in silence.

The seducer and the adulterer may be found in the most refined society and the best company, where they are treated with civility and even respected, whilst the polygamist is held in universal detestation. He is arrested for felony, tried before a court of criminal jurisdiction, rendered infamous for life, and were it not for the friendly interposition of the benefit of clergy, which is barely allowed him, he would be dragged to a scaffold and there executed as an example to the surrounding multitude, to deter them from the commission of this crime, whilst they daily view with composure, and participate in the guilt of others, in themselves of a more heinous nature, in their effects infinitely more to be dreaded.

The adulterer, indeed, is liable to make a paltry pecuniary remuneration to the injured husband; yet can any remuneration whatever be an adequate satisfaction? Here the remedy stops short; the laws of England do not recognize either in the class of public misdemeanors or private wrongs, the injury of female seduction; they have it not in contemplation, and our legislators have provided no reparation. Are we hence to conclude that the safety of the female sex is a matter of so little consequence as to be beneath the notice of a British senate? God forbid, that the omission should be thus accounted for!

If, however, a father thus deeply wronged must need seek satisfaction in a British court of justice, he can merely recover a trifling compensation, for the damage he has sustained by the loss of his daughter's *services*, and this

only under certain circumstances! Ought we to be surprised at the consequences? Can any punishment be too severe for such aggressors? When the laws of our country lend not their assistance, is it wonderful that the husband, father, or brother of a woman thus abused, should seek to avenge such injuries by his own arm? And yet if the villain should chance to meet with his desert, the man whom if convicted he has so basely wronged is arraigned for murder, and suffers the same ignominious death as the seditious traitor or the midnight assassin!!

Would the man who in attempting the seduction of an innocent and virtuous woman, *determine to act the part of a deliberate villain*, consider the frightful and certain consequences of his atrocious conduct; would he meditate upon the frequent and lamentable instances, which occur of this predominant vice and its inevitable effects; would he recollect that the injury he is about to commit is irreparable, and that in its accomplishment he involves the ruin, and becomes himself the destroyer of the happiness of a whole family; if every spark of virtue and feeling be not extinguished in his heart, and depraved indeed must be that heart which is dead to all sensibility and pity! he will stop short, he will stand aghast at the bare representation of misery which his own thoughts have pourtrayed, and he will glory that it remains in his power to declare in this age of profligacy and depravity, that of whatever other crimes he may have been guilty, remorse for female ruin rankles not at his heart.

CENSOR.

30th March, 1811.

LORD BYRON.

O Proceres, CENSORES opus est, an aruspice nobis?

Juv. Sat. 2.

MR. SATIRIST,

Though many are the subjects to which your officia capacity calls your attention, and numerous the characters upon whose flagrant and disgraceful practices your duty commands animadversion and castigation, I hope I shall not be deemed intrusive either by you or your readers if I presume to address you upon a subject which is in my opinion of a most serious nature. At the present important crisis, when the eyes of the whole world and more especially of Europe are fixed upon this nation, when our sister kingdoms is actually rearing the standard of rebellion, when internal discord and contending factions lacerate the very entrails of our senate, and when liberty, the dear the inestimable inheritance of Englishmen, is become the prostituted epithet and tool of party, it strongly behoves every individual to be more than usually guarded and circumspect both in his public and private behaviour. If the regular and disinterested conduct of men in the private and retired paths of life be productive of advantage to the general weal, in how much more extensive a degree is it incumbent upon those, who are invested with places of power and trust, and who compose the supreme legislature of this kingdom, to display examples of piety, morality and virtue in their lives and actions? How many of our present nobility who pride themselves upon the glory of their families, and a long train of titled ancestry, appear to attempt by every disgraceful measure and dissolute procedure to cast into irretrievable infamy the very name and title of which they daily boast!

This fact I have long contemplated with sorrow and regret, and such is the profligacy which is the predominant quality of some of our nobles, that one is almost induced to imagine the more exalted the rank, and extensive the powers of doing good with which any individual is endowed, in an equal degree does he feel authorised to eclipse every votary of dissipation, in abandoned licentiousness or presumptuous impiety. That many of the peers of this realm reflect a lustre and dignity upon their elevated stations, by their virtue, loyalty, and zeal for the public good, is daily exemplified; and to such men reverence and respect, esteem and gratitude are due, and gladly yielded by the commonalty of the British dominions. With such examples before their eyes as many illustrious personages exhibit, it is some cause of astonishment that several men of rank should entertain so little regard to their present reputation, and to their characters, which will be faithfully handed down to after ages: callous as some men are, or pretend to be, to the opinion of the world during their lives, there are many who would shrink from the bare idea of displaying to posterity, in the annals of history, a name blotted with infamy, and a character stained with ignominy. What dreadful circumstances, Mr. Satirist, may we not apprehend as the probable consequences, when men whose ancestors have been ennobled for their gallant actions in the field, or some other equally meritorious cause, who form a constituent part of the imperial parliament of Great Britain, and who alone compose the supreme court of judicature, a tribunal which is a *dernier* resort, and from whose decisions there is no appeal, do not scruple to infringe those very laws which they have themselves enacted? For the present I will confine my remarks to a single character, to whom, however, some of the above observations may not from *one cause or other* altogether apply.

Confined in fortune and circumstances it ill became his lordship to launch forth into all the expensive follies of this corrupted age, to lavish with puerile profusion his limited income: to repair and decorate the mansion of his forefathers in a style and elegance worthy of a prince, and having reduced his purse to a still narrower compass, to refuse with all the haughtiness and irritability, of which he is but too capable, the payment of debts thus contracted. The consequence of this overbearing procedure *he knows* had nearly proved fatal to an honest and industrious tradesman, who in struggling to support a large family hailed the patronage and countenance of his lordship as an auspicious omen of better days! Experience soon convinced him of the fallacy of these hopes, and the injustice which lurked beneath the insidious mask of friendship; and after repeated solicitations and as frequent repulses, he was compelled to have recourse to that remedy which the laws of his country have provided.

Prodigality and injustice are crimes of which we have such frequent instances, and are so much practised by men in every condition of life, even from the peer to the peasant, that the subject of these remarks was far from being satisfied with employing these usual and hackneyed methods of becoming the gaze of the vulgar, and obtaining the title of a "dashing fellow:" his ambition was not only to attain the super-eminence of egregious folly but also the acme of eccentric presumption. The attachment of this nobleman to *quadrupeds* of different species, has frequently been the subject of discussion in various situations; and to a certain extent such a partiality may possibly be termed laudable. The circumstance of a dog having been instrumental in preserving his life was surely sufficient to excite sentiments of gratitude; but his lordship at once astonished and disgusted the world,

and more particularly the vicinity of his seat, by assigning to a brute a grave amidst the consecrated tombs of his ancestors, and by erecting to the memory of this canine acquaintance a superb monument, inscribed with an epitaph the product of his own romantic brain. In preparing this sepulchre, the workmen disturbed the former occupiers of the ground, and discovered various coffins, sculls, and other relics of interred mortality, which this *worthy* peer immediately determined to appropriate to purposes extremely different to those for which they were originally designed. A stone coffin was accordingly removed into his dining hall, and though intended to have remained a silent mansion for the dead until the day of judgment, was converted into a receptacle for water, to cool the wine which was poured in copious libations at his voluptuous orgies! Your readers perhaps feel already inclined to turn with disgust from the narrative, and I will therefore briefly add that his lordship actually caused several human sculls to be tipped with silver and metamorphosed into goblets!!!

Can the barbarity of the uncivilized inhabitants of the torrid zone, or the wretched beings who exist in the frozen regions of the north, exceed these unparalleled outrages of the laws of humanity? Where is the boasted superiority of this polished nation; where that sensibility and sympathy in which we exult as the effect of an acquaintance with the arts and sciences? When a man filling an elevated station in society, educated with every advantage to which his rank entitles him, and which our celebrated universities can afford, and living in this enlightened age, can so far forget the rules of propriety, humanity, morality, and even religion, as to violate by his sacrilegious impiety the sanctuaries of the dead, to make the very asylums and remains of his departed fa-

thers assist in his tumultuous revels, and to quaff the stream of intoxication from a *human scull*!!!

Ἄλλο τε μοι εὐδειν ηθες περιμημονευσαι τεδε δε Ανθρώπῳ οὐδ' ὅτιον οίμεν.

CENSOR.

Nottingham,

April 11th, 1811.

CHELSEA IMPROVEMENTS.

Alteration, alteration,
Oh ! 'Tis a wonderful alteration !

EDWIN'S Song.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE read your funny little books very often, and assure you I and my spouse like what we make out in them hugely. I know better manners than to pretend for to teach a gentleman like you what's what: but, Lord love you, could not you give us a little less of politics, and a little more of news, and scandal, and literature, and so forth? For my part, I care no more for jail-birds and informers than for the pope and the devil. They are snug, are they not? No, Sir, give me something important; give me something lively: give me something that may make me rub my hands together, and chuckle, and laugh, and turn up my nose at the taxes and Bonaparte.

You must know, Sir, that I am a substantial tradesman, in the retail way, who have lately retired from business with my wife and daughters, and taken a house in Church-lane, Chelsea. Like the French ballet-master's,

“ It is my pleasure for to be
“ Just out of *de town*, just in *de countrie*.”

I am quite proud of our situation, so clever and so rural ; with stages, and drays, and carts, and waggons, and wheel-barrows, and all that, passing and repassing,—and a nice view of the river from a sly corner on our leads :—but, plagues take them ! some neighbouring croakers will not let me enjoy my “ease and dignity” in quiet ; trying to prove to me that I am *not* yet *in the country*, and that, of late years, “*Chelsea is no longer Chelsea !*”

And this is the reason of my writing to you, Mr. *Satirist*. You seem, somehow,—by hook or by crook, as we say,—to have got a charming knack of hitting off matters of taste. For my part, I am a free-born Englishman, a plain London citizen, in short, a downright Johnny Gilpin : I let the world wag as it lists, for me ; I owe no man any thing ; I pay everyone his own ; I have scraped up what’s comfortable and warm against a rainy day ; and I know very well what does please my fancy and what does not. Still, I should not wish to be thought a Hottentot neither, no more than to have my wife shew herself for sixpence as a Venus. I am a modest man, and dissident of my own judgment in certain cases ; though, for the matter of that, I would have you to know that my equipage, my dress, and my liveries, were much admired once at a christening in the Poultry, when I was a common-council-man. But no more of that just now.

Mayhap I might have kept these disagreeables to myself ! but, somehow or other, my better half begins to take up the cudgels against me. She always could mag it away famously : and now that the doctors tell her *exercise is good for her health*, you can have no notion how she lets her tongue run on. [I verily believe there have been times in her curtain-lectures when my dear would have given Mr. Waithman half an hour’s start and have beaten him hollow.]

Why, it was only last Sunday morning,—no day of rest for your humble servant!—when I longed for an hour's sleep or so, after having kept it up a little latish at our club at *the Adam and Eve*; it was only last Sunday morning, I say, that she paid me off in the old coin most pitilessly. I got up with a head-ache, half mad with vexation and want of rest: and, after breakfast, when my furious lamb sat out for Park Chapel to hear Mr. Smith sing, I sat down to my desk, and minuted down the heads of our confabulation,—*titty-to-titty*, as Mounseer has it, as well as I could remember them. Here is a copy of my performance; it will give you a clear insight into our discussions, *pro* and *con*; it is faithfully drawn up, and very much at your service.

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE.

Between T. S. Esquire, gent. and his lady Mrs. Deborah S. aforesaid.

Mrs. S.—Fine hours, Mr. S.! I wish we had never come to Chelsea; that I do. Your club in London, indeed, were family men, and knew better than to stay out so.

Mr. S.—My dear! I am very sleepy. Good night!

Mrs. S.—Fiddle faddle! good morning, rather. Don't you hear the church clock?

Mr. S.—Aye, very likely. Good morning!

Mrs. S.—Mr. S. I won't be fobbed off, that I won't! I declare your temper's quite altered since you left off business; I am sure you a'n't half so loving as you used to be in town. Why, man, you haven't a word, or a look for me, now. Heigho! this Chelsea is the devil!

Mr. S.—My love! I'll turn over a new leaf to morrow. Pray say no more now.

Mrs. S.—Turn over!—I wish you would. Fegs! I think it's high time.

Mr. S.—Well, well! I will, I will! Good night!

Mrs. S.—No, Mr. S. I will be heard immediately. You have got nothing to do but to *hear* me and *answer* me. I am sure you have kept me awake fidgetting long enough; and now you shall listen to reason, once for all, I am determined.

Mr. S.—(shaking himself.) So I will, child. You don't like Chelsea, you say?

Mrs. S.—No, not a bit. It's all London again; London, again, all over.—You're a man of taste, forsooth! You told me of fine walks, and views, and prospects, and sights. Where are they?

Mr. S.—My dear! There's nice walking in the Common, in the King's Road, in the Bishop's Walk, in the College gardens, in —

Mrs. S.—(interrupting him.) The Common is full of bricklayers; the King's Road is full of dust; the Bishop's Walk, in Cheynè Wharf, is full of stones, coals, and timber; and your College gardens are under lock and key. What next?

Mr. S.—For sights, you have the College itself, the Asylum, the manufactories of oil-cloths, of soap, and of paper; and then you have the church and Sloane-street.

Mrs. S.—You're humming me, Mr. S., I vow! Why, you know very well there are none but cripples in the College, none but children at t'other place; the soap manufactory poisons all Cheynè Wharf, and the rest startle us out of our beds with their early larums; the church is a standing ruin; and Sloane-street reminds me of Mary-bone, for all the world.—No, Mr. S. this is *not the country*. Buildings swarm round us every where; dust-hills and brick-kilns stare us in the face on all sides: “*These grounds to let on building leases*” is all the news that the road-posts give us. Three burying-grounds shew plainly the healthi-

ness of the place: whilst the numbers of surgeons and apothecaries, of alehouses, of schools, of brokers, and of methodists, add more and more to the likeness.

Mr. S.—Now, my love, allow me to say a word.—*Tastes differ*: I love the noise and bustle of manufactories, and their bells use me to early rising; a good thing that. You know we are to have a bran new church, by and bye, when we can get the monied folks to take the job up: and at present, we want none; for, is not the rector at Hampton? can we, even now, hear his worthy curate? and is not our poor old clerk in his dotage? The church is never as full as Park Chapel. Sloane-street is all alive in an evening with genteel company: and have they not a dozen watchmen to keep the peace? If buildings rise, do not many of them soon fall down again? *Remember Sloane-street last year.* Is not the *new* burying-ground still a sweet place to walk in? And, what think you of Turk's-row, and Robinson's-lane? Fie, fie! Mrs. S.! I am sorry to find you so prejudiced; indeed, I am. Have you forgotten that Colonel G. L. W., the *walking committee*, has taken a house in Paradise, or that J. G.! Esq. the *Whig secretary*, J. N. Esq. the *philanthropist*, the Rev. W. B. the *poet*, and Sir R. P. the ***** reside, cheek by jowl, on the wharf?

I was going on, as I thought, most triumphantly, in this strain, Mr. Satirist; only wondering that my good spouse did not slip in her word edgeways: when, casting my eye accidentally to the side where she lay, I saw her actually in a *fit* of rage. So, I drew in my horns, in a moment; and *knocked under*, most submissively, to Mrs. Deborah's equal surprise and satisfaction.

Barring improper surmises,

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Church-lane,

Chelsea.

Yours to command,

T. S.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

No. II.

It has with some plausibility been conjectured, that the fascinating habiliments in which Homer and the more ancient poets clothed the exploits of their heroes, have been conducive, in a considerable degree, to the accumulation of those scenes of warfare and bloodshed which have been and still are forming so prominent a feature in the history of the world. If this idea be correct, if the delineation of military grandeur have power to induce any one to expose himself to the dangers and privations of war, and to seek "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," may it not be deemed much more probable that those writings which tend to inflame the passions, and to stimulate men to the enjoyment of those pleasures in which human nature is but too prone to indulge, have been the principal cause of that overwhelming increase of luxury and debauchery in which this nation appears to be at present immersed. The impious and infamous novels of Lewis and his numerous imitators, and the fascinating effusions of Moore, must inevitably tend to render the minds of the younger members of the community more easily susceptible of the rudiments of vice. It is therefore to publications of this nature that we are to attribute the increasing crowds of unhappy wretches who nightly ply in our streets for a guilty subsistence. Young females of sedentary habits and romantic ideas give the first alarm to the still sleeping passions by the stimulating descriptions and enthusiastic rhapsodies of a modern novel, and, at length, the sight of that alluring luxury in which many of the frail sisterhood appear to

revel, totally eradicates every latent spark of innocence from their minds, and renders them dependent on the prostitution of their persons for a scanty and precarious support.

Yet this cause could not alone operate with sufficient force to crowd our streets with the votaries of pleasure. It is to be hoped that the nature of the female sex is not yet so depraved as to induce any woman to become a willing victim, (notwithstanding the splendid offer made by a man who resides in this neighbourhood, and has exhausted the prime of his life in the service of his country, to all who will voluntarily yield their chastity to be polluted by his palsied embraces. The depraved ideas instilled into the mind by the perusal of novels, or the scenes of obscenity which continually meet their eyes in every street, can only render the sex a more easy prey to the rapacity of those wretches, whose hearts are sufficiently base and callous, to induce them for a moment's gratification to devote innocent or unthinking females to eternal ruin and misery. The man who boldly demands from another the means of supporting existence, or openly deprives him of a shining bauble, atones for his crimes by an ignominious death, whilst he who more basely exerts every insidious art in robbing a fellow creature of her honor, her dearest gem, is suffered to continue his course of debauchery and luxury unimpeached except at the tribunal of his own conscience.

The contemplation of the character of a seducer necessarily fills our minds with horror and detestation; but when we see men who occupy the most respectable stations in life, men who are enjoying every matrimonial and domestic happiness and comfort, not only debasing themselves by pursuing the arts of seduction, but enjoying the embraces and rioting in the arms of the most abandoned prostitutes,

we may in truth lament the increasing vices and iniquity of the nation.

Yet such circumstances, I am sorry to affirm, are by no means unfrequent. It is a notorious fact that several inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, who are united in matrimony with the most amiable of women, and blest with numerous and lovely families, and some of whom are possessed of splendid fortunes, have been repeatedly observed entering the dwellings of misery and iniquity, for the purpose of gratifying their inordinate passions. Some indeed have with unblushing effrontery paraded our streets and markets, and graced the boxes of our theatre, locked in the embraces of the lowest and most hacknied votaries of the Paphian goddess. It is also well known that in a neighbouring county *a member of the clerical order* invested with the honour of magistracy, and possessed of a numerous family, and who ought from his advanced age to be wholly occupied in repentance for the tenor of his past life, and preparations for that eternity from the jaws of which he has lately been almost miraculously rescued, yet indulges in sensuality, and fans the expiring embers of that flame which his Bible would teach him to keep in subjection. Placed on the verge of eternity, he has within a short period tendered a glittering bauble to an innocent female as the price of her chastity ; the wretch's offer was refused with indignation, yet still he dares to shew his unblushing countenance in our streets, still he is admitted a welcome visitor at the tables of the neighbouring families. Were it not for the feelings of his amiable wife and blooming daughters, the wretch's name should not be withheld from public exposure, but he has indeed long grown grey in iniquity, and must shortly be placed out of the reach of human correction. Until the arrival of that period, his conscience, if its sting be not yet blunt, and his heart callous,

will inflict the most condign punishment on his guilty mind; I shall therefore for the present dismiss him with this admonition, that as often as he ascends the steps of the altar, to administer with his polluted hands the symbol of his Redeemer's blood, he will pause and consider the force of the Almighty's command, "*thou shalt not commit adultery.*"

But whilst my observations are particularly directed at the transgressions of the married, let it not be supposed that the incontinency of the unmarried is blameless; to such as endeavour to deceive themselves by this idea, I will answer by calling to their attention the exposition of the seventh commandment given by our Saviour in his sublime sermon on the Mount, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not commit adultery, But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh after a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Does it appear from this that any distinction is made in the shades of adultery and fornication? Clearly it does not, and the constant admonition of the apostles to avoid fornication, affords a conclusive testimony of the fallacy of such an opinion.

To those among my fair countrywomen who may be on the verge of destruction, I must address a few words of admonition, since one guilty step may plunge them into the deepest abyss of misery, temporal and eternal. The charms on which they must depend for support, could not in a life of chastity procure them admirers during a long space of time; how much less then can they be expected to endure, during a continued scene of dissipation and debauchery. Loathsome disease, and constant inquietude, will soon expel the vermeil bloom from the most lovely cheek; luxury will injure the most delicate complexion, or distress eradicate every trace of beauty from the finest

Cobbett's Prison Lucubrations.

frame, and then forsaken and forlorn, the wretched victim is driven from society, and compelled to take refuge in one of the lowest receptacles of vice and misery. There the stimulating effects of nauseous spirits are resorted to, in order to enable her to support the indignities to which she is exposed, and at length, exhausted by disease and misery, and stretched on a bed of straw, in a confined apartment, without a friend to close her eyes, she retires in convulsive agonies from these scenes of woe, to meet the indignant presence of an offended Deity!

Nottingham,
April, 10, 1811.

COBBETT'S PRISON LUCUBRATIONS.

No. VII.

PARDON us, readers, we beseech you! Our respect for your feelings is great, but our indignation at the, if possible increased, baseness of the Newgate *arch-convict* overpowers it.—The man has at length thrown off the mask, and become the undisguised advocate of France!—Again are we compelled to disgust you with an exhibition of his atrocious conduct—his *Register* is still read by a few score deluded wretches; and in the hopes that shame may throw the *Satirist* into the hands of some of them, we are resolved to exhibit his infamy in a light which shall make even them ashamed of contributing to his support.—We shall pass over his malignant, though ridiculous endeavours to distress the tradesmen and the poor by persuading all persons, who have it in their power, to *hoard their dollars*: for

his observations upon *currency* are too contemptible to delude any who are unworthy of a *straight-waistcoat*. He might as well strive to persuade men of sense that the best way to avoid the effects of present famine would be to preserve all their provisions untouched until the return of plenty.—We shall confine our *exhibition* to his remarks on the retreat of *Massena*, on which subject he has far exceeded in impudence and falsehood his worthy coadjutor the editor of the *Moniteur*; as will appear by the following extracts from his

Lucubrations.

“ PORTUGAL.—THE WAR.—The boastings, respecting the retreat of Massena, have been so noisy, that there was not, until now, any hope of getting a hearing.—The use I shall make of the apparent return of sober sense in the news-writers, is, to put a few questions to them, requesting them to have the goodness to bear in mind, that it is *an answer* the public will look for, and not *abuse* of him who puts the questions.—You say, then, gentlemen, that the French General has *run away* : that he has *fled in disgrace* ; and that this flight is indicative of the approaching total discomfiture of the French in Portugal and Spain, and of the utter ruin of their cause —Now, if this be so what was the retreat of Lord Talavera last year? Was *that* running away? Did he *flee in disgrace*? And was his flight indicative of the total ruin of *our* cause in Portugal and Spain? Behind our army Almeida fell, and a detachment of considerable force were beaten out of another fortress on the Coa. The reader will bear in mind what *our* losses were. Have the French sustained any such losses in *their* retreat? Have they suffered *more* than our army suffered? Have they had *more*, or have they had *less*, men taken prisoners, during their retreat, than we had during our retreat?—I should like to have an answer to these questions ; but, as I dare say I shall not get it, I shall proceed to offer such observations upon the new aspect of affairs in Portugal as the occasion seems to call for.” *Political Register*, April the 24th, 1811, (p. 993)

Observations.

Yes, thou *bifrons*, thou shalt have all *these questions* answered, answered to thy shame ; if thou hast any shame in thy degenerate breast. They shall be answered too in the order in which they are put : and first, *Lord Talavera*, as you sneeringly call him, did *not* run away, *he did not* "flee in disgrace—neither was *his* flight indicative of the ruin of *our* cause."—It was known several months ere he retired before *Massena*, that he had most wisely resolved to fight no general battle until the French had followed him to *Torres Vedras*. This the immense labor and attention which he had unremittingly bestowed in fortifying that position sufficiently evinced, he knew that the farther he drew the enemy from their resources, and the more he thus compelled them to extend their line of communication, the more they would be weakened and distressed, while he, by thus retiring upon his own resources and reinforcements would be greatly strengthened, independent of the advantages which the position he had selected for his ultimate stand afforded. The troops of *Massena* were in numbers nearly double those which he commanded, and therefore, while on the frontiers of Portugal, his could only be considered as an army of observation, and it would have been in the highest degree imprudent in him to have sacrificed any part of it in an attempt to relieve *Almeida*, distant as he was from his reinforcements; particularly as he could not then attack the enemy under any advantages of position.

We were *not* beaten out of *any* "other fortress on the *Coa* :" but those who write to *mislead* seldom take any trouble to learn the real state of any case. The fact was this ; Brigadier-general *Craufurd*, who commanded the light brigade thought proper (wherefore God knows !) to cross the *Coa* with part of his division, and having ascended

the opposite heights to proceed across a *plain* upon their summit where he was attacked by a force which more than trebled his—he therefore retraced his steps and either from want of skill or reflection neglected properly to cover this retrograde movement with his guns and cavalry, in consequence of which his rear suffered some loss ; having, however, regained the left side of the Coa, his troops took up a position which enabled them to defend the bridge most effectually, and the French were ultimately driven back with immense loss.—The *convict* requests us to bear in mind *our* losses when Lord Wellington retired before *Massena*, artfully insinuating that they were very considerable ; now the fact is, that with the exception of the few who so gallantly fell in achieving the victory of *Busaco* we lost scarcely any thing—not a single piece of cannon nor even a biscuit were left behind.—And yet he has the effrontery to ask “if the French have suffered more than *our* losses were—have they *suffered* more than our army *suffered*—and have they had *more* or *less* men taken prisoners during their retreat than we had during our retreat?”

Now, reader, this wretch, a few lines after asking these absurd but evil meaning questions, insinuates that Lord Wellington had nothing to boast of on account of the retreat of *Massena*, whom he says merely went away because he *chose* it, and because “*he wanted means to feed his army !*” And did Lord Wellington want such means of subsistence when he retired upon *Torres Vedras* ? No ! he was abundantly supplied ; he fell back in an unexhausted and friendly country upon his own magazines—and how is it possible then that *his sufferings* should have, in any way, resembled those of *Massena*, who, abandoning his heavy artillery and baggage, fled with a scanty supply through a totally devastated country, in which every inhabitant was

an exasperated and mortal enemy?—We will venture to assert, in reply to the question relative to prisoners and other losses, that Massena has left in Portugal, including the dead, the captured, and deserters, more than the *whole amount* of the *British* force that retired before him last September: while our loss has been comparatively nothing. The arch convict, after having asked these sage questions, proceeds to panegyris most fulsomely the conduct of the French, and to represent their retreat as more honourable to them than to their pursuers. With the view of depreciating his countrymen, he, as usual, exaggerates the original strength of the allied army, adding thereto the *whole* of the Portuguese troops under arms:—We might with equal justice state that Massena's army, when he invested Almeida, amounted to *two hundred and fifty thousand* men, because there were that number of French troops under him, as commander in chief, in the Peninsula. We shall not disgust our readers by extracting any of this insufferable far-rago of baseness and nonsense, but we cannot refrain from quoting and answering a few more of his *queries*. Having attempted to ridicule the idea of Lord Wellington's having designedly drawn Massena to the position at Torres Vedras he exultingly asks,

(*Lucubration*)

“ Now if the French were drawn to *Torres Vedras*, if that was the spot destined for their *defeat*, why were they not defeated there, or at any rate why were they not *attacked*? Talavera had every thing about him. Provisions, the city of Lisbon, the fleet, every thing. Lines three deep, a thousand pieces of cannon. Why, then, did he not attack the French, after having drawn them after him, for the express purpose of fighting them there? Why did he suffer them to go out of *the trap alive*, or, at the very least, without setting his mark upon them, and making sure of their final destruction? Why did he let them go away again

to the frontiers of Portugal ; why did he let them go back to their fastnesses ; why did he let them go to the very spot where he first found them, whence he drew them all across Portugal after him?" *Pol. Reg. April 24th, 1811. p. 996.*

OBSERVATIONS.

'In reply, we beg leave to state, that an army may be defeated without any actual *conflicts*. The object of every good general is to *weaken*, that is to *destroy*, the troops opposed to him ; and if Lord Wellington, by drawing Massena after him, effected this without risking the lives of his own troops, he is entitled to more praise than if he had achieved the most glorious victory by sacrificing a portion of the brave fellows under his command. And that he has effected it in a great measure no man but the *Newgate convict* and his coadjutors will venture to deny : for according to their own accounts the French had at one time eighty thousand men (including their reinforcements) before our lines in Portugal ; and, unless above *thirty thousand* of these perished during their stay, they must admit their friend *Massena* the veriest coward upon the face of the earth, not to make a stand on his retreat, in some of the strong positions which he passed in his *route* against Lord Wellington, who having detached twenty-one thousand of his troops with General Beresford, could not have with him more than forty-five thousand ! It is in vain for the convict to say *Massena* is playing the same game which *Lord Wellington* did, for the former has declared in his dispatches to his master that such was *not his object*. He first stated that he meant to maintain himself at Pombal, from whence he was actually *driven*, and then, that he should take up a position near Almeida, where he should obtain abundant supplies, (*vide his dispatches in the MONITEUR*;) but both these *avowed* objects he has been *compelled* by his *conqueror* to abandon, as completely as he had given up his previous

intention of “*driving the English into the sea !!!*” Besides, though Lord Wellington had “*lines* three deep and one thousand pieces of cannon mounted upon them,” he could not conveniently order those *lines* to *advance upon Massena*:— If his lordship had advanced *without these lines* he must have attacked his enemy, who was also in a very strong position, under great disadvantages. And even if he had proved victorious, it is hardly possible that he could have destroyed more of them than they have lost by disease, famine, and desertion, in consequence of his keeping them so long at bay: indeed the weather and the badness of the roads (which the *convict* admits prevented *Massena* from *retiring* sooner) rendered it impossible to make the necessary movements to attack them. All this, the *convict* (who as we have frequently observed, “is more *knave* than *fool*”) must have seen; but as he supposed his *ideot* readers might not, he thought it worth while to make this attempt to degrade his countrymen in their estimation. Having propounded these last questions, and answered them much more, we dare say, to *his own* satisfaction than we have; he attempts to *justify* all the *atrocities* committed by the French in Portugal, and has the audacity to insinuate that *the Portuguese owe all their sufferings to the ENGLISH !!!* He first quotes from the *Courier newspaper* a letter in which the horrid outrages of the enemy during their retreat are faithfully detailed, and observes

(*Lucubration*)

“ Let us admit all that is here asserted to be true. I dare say that much of it is literally true; and, that, though there are, without doubt, some *exaggerations*, there are, on the other hand, many acts and scenes, which, I dare say, would beggar all description, and would set at defiance the most eloquent pen or tongue that ever moved.—At any rate, let us suppose, that all that is here said is *true*; and then, let us endeavour to

make a *just estimate* of it, in order to ascertain, if we can, what effect the committing of these horrible cruelties will have upon the Portuguese, and how far the cause of our arms is thereby likely to be aided. For, as to *an estimate* of these acts, in any other way, it would be perfectly useless to any man who does, or any one who does not, hold them in horror. The former could not think worse of the cause of them than he already does, and the latter can have no feeling at all—In order to form an opinion as to what is likely to be the effects of these devastations upon the minds of men in Portugal, we must consider how far devastation became necessary to self-preservation with the French. When Lord Talavera went away before the French, the latter, as we have said above, *found the country completely laid waste before them*; and it will be borne in mind, that Massena, in a proclamation to the Portuguese, spoke of this *in terms of the greatest horror*, and that our venal prints laughed at him, and not only justified most fully, but loudly *applauded* the devastations and destructions that then took place.—Now, what is to prevent the French from justifying and applauding what they have done? Are the cases *different*? How do they differ? “Why, the devastations “of last year were for the *good* of the Portuguese, and those “of this year are for their *harm*.” If the French were asked the question of difference, *their answer* would be precisely the contrary.—But the devastations of last year were committed by the *friends* of the Portuguese, this year they are committed by their *enemies*.”

Pol. Reg. April 11. p. 1004.

OBSERVATIONS.

Odious, contemptible miscreant!! He had, only one week before this, quoted Lord Wellington's dispatch of the 27th of October, 1810, and argued upon it against parliament's affording any relief to the Portuguese sufferers, while he at the same time endeavoured by *irony* to ridicule the public out of a voluntary subscription for the same benevolent purpose, although that letter begins with

the following words—"Your lordship has been apprized of the measures which had been adopted, to induce the INHABITANTS of *Portugal* to quit that part of the country, through which the enemy was likely to pass, or which it was probable would become the seat of his operations; *carrying off with them their valuable property, and every thing which could tend to the enemy's subsistence, or to facilitate his progress.*—There is no doubt that *these inhabitants* had sufficient knowledge, from former experience, of the treatment they would receive from the enemy: and there is no instance of those of any town or village having remained, or of *THEIR* having failed to remove what might be useful to the enemy, when they had sufficiently early intimation of the wishes of government or of myself, that they should abandon their houses, and carry away their property.—All those who are acquainted with the nature of military operations, with their dependence upon the assistance of the country to supply the wants of the army, and particularly with the degree to which the French armies depend upon this assistance, must be aware of the distress which this system has occasioned to the enemy; and the official and private letters which have been intercepted, are filled with complaints of its effects; which have been repeated in the official papers published in the *Moniteur at Paris.*"

Here it is plain that it was the *Portuguese* themselves who laid waste the country to distress their *enemies*, and yet it is the *English* whom the *convict* represents as the *unnecessary* devastators, and as having used the inhabitants as barbarously as they have been since treated by the French!! Was it not natural for the *Portuguese* to destroy that which they knew would not be preserved for *themselves* but for their savage invaders?—Nay, and if the *English* had done this would they not have been justified?—But

did the *English* burn the towns—murder the inhabitants of all ages—drive the women, at the point of the bayonet into their ranks, to suffer the *reiterated* violations of the whole army,—and then leave them to perish with disease and famine? Did the English cut off the ears, slit the noses, and mangle the flesh of the unresisting and defenceless?—Wretch! after admitting that you believe a statement wherein the French are represented to have practised all these more than savage barbarities, hast thou the audacity, the *baseness* to insinuate, nay, more than insinuate, that they are not more barbarous than thine own countrymen?—Can there be an *Englishman*, even in the den of thieves which is now thy proper habitation, so lost to every noble feeling, every patriotic impulse, as to read this libel on his countrymen without wishing to rend its infamous author into atoms?

As the *convict* is now everlastinglly reprobating the war in Portugal, and calling upon the people to curse its *authors*, *its planners* and *its abettors*, we shall here subjoin his remarks on the same subjects, written little more than *two years* ago, and only a few months before he was *taught by Buonaparte* the most *profitable* use of his literary talents.—The following extract is copied from

“ *The Political Register of September 10th, 1808.*”

“ SUMMARY OF POLITICS.—PORTUGAL.—Of the victories, obtained over the French, in Portugal, by the English army, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and which victories are detailed in the official papers contained in this sheet, it is unnecessary to attempt to speak in praise; but, as far as we can judge from the accounts yet received, they certainly reflect the greatest honor on the army as well as on the commanders of every rank. It was, in my opinion, fully proved before, that our troops, when well commanded, were far superior to the French troops. I never regarded the assertion

of that superiority as an empty boast. There were always reasons why our troops should be intrinsically better, and there was abundant experience to verify the theory. But, now, I should imagine, it will be very difficult for the French, though masters of the press of Europe, to prevent that fact from being acknowledged all over the world. In this point of view alone, then, our success is of vast importance. The victory, though not more glorious to the nation, is, in this as well as in other parts of its consequences, near and remote, of far greater importance to us than the victory of Trafalgar, which gave no new turn to the war, excited no great degree of feeling in the nations of Europe, and did not, in the least, arrest the progress of the French arms, or diminish their fame or that dread of those arms which universally prevailed.—The consequences of this victory will be, first, a thorough conviction in the mind of every man in this kingdom, that the French, when met by us upon ~~any~~ thing like equal terms, are pretty sure to be beaten, which conviction will produce a confidence in our means of defence which did not unequivocally exist before, it will dissipate all the unmanly apprehensions about the threatened invasion, and, of course, it will, in a short time, relieve the country, in great part at least, from the inconvenience and distress, which, in so many ways, arise from the present harassing system of internal defence. Secondly, this victory, gained under such circumstances, will take off from that dread, in which the French arms have been so long held in other nations, and particularly in the southern parts of Europe. Thirdly, it will confirm the confidence of the Spaniards, will make them even bolder than they were, will make them despise as well as hate the French. Fourthly, it will not only diminish the military and pecuniary means of Napoleon, but will render him timid; it will make him hesitate; it will fill him with apprehensions; it will enervate his councils; the consequence of which may be his total overthrow; particularly as his rigorous maritime and commercial regulations are so severely felt in all the countries under his control. Amongst the minor consequences of this victory (tak-

ing for granted that it will lead to the total evacuation of Portugal by the French) will be a speedy and bloodless settlement of our dispute with America, which is costing us something in precautionary measures. The American trade to Spain and Portugal was very great; and to trade thither now, as well as with the colonies of those countries, we can, if they behave well, give them leave. — **THE MERIT OF THE MINISTERS IN SENDING OUT THIS EXPEDITION, IN THEIR PLAN OF OPERATIONS, IN THEIR CHOICE OF A COMMANDER, AND IN EVERY PART OF THE ENTERPRISE**, no man of a *just* mind will, whatever be his sentiments, in other respects, *attempt to deny*. They would, if the thing had failed, have been loaded with no small share of the blame; it would, therefore, be the height of injustice to withhold from them their share of the praise. Indeed, it cannot be denied, that almost the whole of their measures with respect to foreign countries, have been strongly marked with foresight, promptitude, and vigour. Their Orders in Council, against which Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Roscoe, and the Barings, so bitterly inveighed, have been one cause, and not a trifling one, of the events in Spain and Portugal, into which countries we would not have entered had not *the people* been with us,* and that the people were with us, arose, in a great part, from those despair-creating effects which were produced by the Orders in Council, which orders they could not fail to ascribe to Napoleon, nor could they fail to perceive that, while he possessed their country, there was not the smallest chance of their being relieved from those effects. How false, then, have events proved to be the reasoning of Lord Grenville and Mr. Roscoe and Mr. Baring, that the Orders in Council would make us detested by all the suffering nations, and would tend to strengthen the power of Napoleon over them! I could easily refer to the passage, wherein I contended, that the Orders in Council would naturally have the effect of shaking the authority of Napoleon in the conquered, or dependant, states, by producing unbearable dis-

* He now says the people of Portugal are as much attached to the French as to the English.

tress. I, indeed, wished for a still greater stretch of maritime power. I wished an interdict to be issued against all those not in alliance with us. I wished the whole world to be told, "As long as you suffer France to command all the land, England will command all the sea, and from that sea, she will permit none of you to derive any, even the smallest advantage, or comfort." But, without this, the ministers really have done what they said they would do ; they have brought things to a crisis ; they have got rid of that benumbing, death-like lingering, which had been the characteristic of our warfare for so many years ; and, if they follow up their blows, it is not impossible, that, after all the senseless admiration which has been bestowed upon speech-making ministers, we may see the conqueror of Europe, the king and queen maker, toppled from his stool by the Duke of Portland.—Now is the time to recall the public attention to the doctrines of Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Roscoe. I should now like to see, from the pen of the latter in particular, an essay on *the wisdom of making peace in 1803*, and another upon *the moderation of Napoleon*, both of which were the subjects of his dull pamphlet. I should like now to see him attempting to convince the manufacturers, that they would have gained by a peace made in 1806, and that they would have enjoyed their gains in peace and safety. His doctrines, luckily for the nation, did not prevail. The common sense of the people taught them that his doctrines were false. He could not make them see any prospect of real peace ; and, though the conqueror was still borne upon the wings of victory ; though a refusal to submit to his terms was followed by a still greater extension of his power and of our danger, yet the nation said, "go on he must if he will, for, until the state of Europe be changed, England cannot enjoy a moment's real peace." By the *measures of the present ministers*, the great question, which every one was afraid to meet, was at once clearly put : can England exist independent, and in defiance, of all the civilized world, or can she not ? This question the most interesting that ever was started, has now been decided, and for this decision, so glorious to us and to our country for ever, we have to thank the men who are at present in power ! ! !

"GO HIDE THY HEAD, APOSTATE!"

ODE TO Mr. W——D.

What! W——d, art thou still coquetting
 With wavering resolution?
 Now with dame **ANARCHY** curvetting,
 Now ogling mistress **CONSTITUTION**?
 Now in the senate talking big,
 Thou wouldest be thought a staunch old **whig** ;
 Now humbly cringing in the city,
 An object of contempt and pity,
 Where snubb'd and growl'd at,
 And by the city t——rs scowl'd at,
 To deprecate their furious ire,
 Thou gulpedst down thy words amain,
 And fearing they might rise again,
 A nauseous draught thou swallowedst to the
SQUIRE.*

His cheek with deepest blushes dyed
ST. STEPHEN view'd thee, as he cried,
 " Oh what a falling off is here !
 " Behold, my W——d takes the chair,
 " Warm from a Haberdasher's breech,
 " And midst the Round-heads rises for a speech !
 " Ah, **SAMMY**, thou wouldest work my ruin,
 " For mischief thou art ever *brewing*,
 " Though thou wouldest seem my friend to be,
 " And talk'st of *legacies*† to me

* The *patriot Brewer's* conduct at the *civic dinner* ought never to be forgotten—having expressed rather less violent sentiments than suited his democratic associates, some dissatisfaction was expressed, upon which the Brewer must meekly and condescendingly sealed his recantation by getting into the chair and giving the health of *Squire Waithman* !

† Vide his speech relative to *Mr. Yorke*.

“ Yet, when to die thou thinkest fit,
 “ Bequeath me not thy *politics* or *wit*.
 “ The latter ne'er will make us merry,
 “ It is not brilliant brisk OLD SHERRY,
 “ Pour'd sparkling from the flask ;
 “ But *coccus indicus*, and yeast,
 “ Frothy and foul—’tis *Whitbread’s best*,
 “ And savors of the *cask*.”

“ Thy *politics*—O God forbid !
 “ That in thy tomb they be not hid ;
 “ There let the heterogeneous mixture
 “ Become an inoffensive fixture ;
 “ Till breaks Creation’s golden chain !
 “ Time dies, and Chaos comes again.”

’Twas thus the saint indignant spoke,
 (Believe me he was not in joke) :
 For who without a sigh can see
 A British senator like thee,
 Cringing and bowing, like a varlet,
 To that same painted Gallic harlot,
 That whiten’d sepulchre of sin,
 Who, while she outwardly displays
 A robe of innocence, betrays
 Corruption and disease within ?

E’en Frenchmen fled the Syren’s arms,
 Disgusted with her bloated charms.
 Banish’d, the battered Haridan
 Thro’ all the stews of Europe ran,
 Till weak B——r the mischief found,
 And, with disgraceful fetters bound,
 Bow’d to the goddess REASON.

Changing the name which erst she bore,
He brought her to pollute our shore

As Dame REFORM or ——N !

Such is the harlot, such the cully,
And swaggering COBBETT is her bully.

And canst thou, W—d, be so mean,
So abject, as to swell her train,

And cast thy longing eyes upon her,

Tho' B—tt views with glances evil

Thy flirting, jealous as the devil

Lest thou his fav'rite w— dishonor ?

The nation marks thee always snarling,
And smiles to hear (like Yorick's starling)

'Thy chattering noisy din ;

" *I can't get out*"—was still his cry ;

In every speech, we hear thee sigh,

" *I can't—I can't get in !*"

Thy brewery then dost thou disdain,

And 'midst the nation's golden grain

Would'st be a hungry pecker ?

If you'd, O Per—l, secure

This man's support,—why make the Brewer

A Teller of th' Exchequer.

But perhaps his aims are higher still,

If clipt not his ambition's wings ;

Perhaps he sighs a throne to fill,

And would be one of BRENTFORD'S KINGS !

O Sammy, you are much to blame,

To put those angry fits on,

His cheek, tho' brass, should blush with shame,

Who stains the seat he sits on.

Tho' wrapt so closely in your *cloak*,
 Your motives even ideots smoke!

The nation (tho' you'd fool it,)
 Knows that you, envious mortal, try
 The British senate to decry,
 Because—*you cannot rule it!*

COLONEL WARDLE.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

THE following, among *many others*, were never *yet* published, and I rather think will attract public curiosity. I cannot tell you how I came by copies, but be assured that I have seen the originals, and greater deception was never practised than upon that worthy man the doctor. As for the solicitor, I believe he regrets that he was the occasion of bringing such a patriot into parliament, but he perhaps thought well of his intentions, for he assisted him gratuitously in all his proceedings; and W--, you see, wishes to be considered innocent by a man to whom it appears he owed every thing but his own folly and infamy.

Letter from Colonel Wardle to his Solicitor, Mr. Corfield.

DEAR CORFIELD,

OF all the infamous swindling transactions that ever disgraced the courts, the one in question is the most so. Suffice it to say at present that I do not stand indebted one guinea to Mr. Wright the upholsterer, either for myself or for any other person. I never ordered a thing from him, or pledged my word for the payment of his bill, directly or indirectly, so help me G—! if I am called so to answer. Whether the D— of Y— is at the bottom of this I know

not; but this I know, that his old w——, Mrs. C. is, who to my surprize and astonishment, I find one of the most unprincipled swindlers that ever appeared in London; but to the point, and let what I have said be a secret—more when we meet. Pray do all that is needful in the morning. This evening the enclosed* was delivered to me in my house by a person who said he came authorized to seize my furniture to the amount of *two pounds* which he demanded. I paid him, and the enclosed is his receipt; he told me unless I put in appearance to morrow morning they were *obliged* to *distress* me for the full amount of the demand. Thus stands the business, and I rest satisfied you will secure the only point I ask,—a fair trial and security from further insult. To the former they never intend to come—the whole I know to be an infamous attempt to extort money. The fact briefly is this, Wright is Mrs. Clarke's upholsterer: he furnished her house in part before I knew her, the remainder since. She wrote to say I ought to pay for her furniture *after what she had done for the country*; I laughed at her, and Mr. Wright has now sent me in a bill for the amount of it above a thousand pounds, with a short note, saying, as he had supplied the things to me at ready money prices he expected prompt payment. I do not speak to the amount of the bill with precision, for I saw the attempt at fraud at once, threw it by, and went on with my calculations on the subject I was engaged in; but I will look for it, and see you to-morrow about 4 o'clock in Great Coram-street.

This attempt at imposition I fancy originated in the assistance a friend of mine afforded Mrs. C. some time ago (on her or her *paramour* Mr. Wright saying he was much distressed and obliged to press her for the money) by getting a person to accept her note for 500*l.* which when due he, my friend, was obliged to pay, as she pleaded inability.

* The writ to compel his putting in an appearance to Wright's action.

You have now all the matter before you. I repeat that I feel convinced it is a mere attempt at procuring money through the medium of *threat*, and that it never will be proceeded on. Be silent as the grave, for reasons I will give you.

To James Corfield, Esq. I remain,
 56, Great Coram-street, Yours ever,
 Russel-square. (Signed) G. L. WARDLE.

OBSERVATIONS.

We received the preceding from an anonymous correspondent (whom we request to accept our thanks); the packet also contained the copy of a letter from Dr. Metcalfe to Major Dodd, the greater part of which, however, relating to the private concerns of the writer, we do not think it would be either gentlemanly or fair to publish the whole, and we are unwilling that any document of this kind should be garbled.

The originals of these curious productions we had previously seen many months ago; but we did not then feel justified in publishing any part of their contents, as we had no authority to do so: having now obtained them in the manner before-mentioned, we do not hesitate to insert the letter of Colonel Wardle to his solicitor, which is only interesting in as much as it shows that the *patriot* was determined, if possible, to *humbug* even his confidential agent. Mr. Corfield was subsequently convinced, by the confessions of his guilty client, that the greater part of this epistle was absolutely false. But justice has been done on its contemptible and degraded writer, and we trust it will not be long ere the illustrious victim of his accursed conspiracy will also receive substantial justice:

“ The base, the cowardly assailant’s down,
 Restore the *unfairly vanquished* to renown !”

THE TRAITOR'S HYMN TO THE DEVIL.

As it is sung in Newgate.

No. I.

Oh thou in whom I put my trust!
 Thou direst foe-man of the just;
 Thou traitor's firmest friend !
 By all the lies thou bad'st me tell,
 By all my deeds approved in hell,
 Thy votary's prayer attend.

II.

Lo ! I who pawn'd my soul to thee,
 Now bend again the suppliant knee
 Thy sovereign aid to crave.
 Scorn hoots me through my prison grates
 And nothing but contempt awaits
 Thine *and Napoleon's* friend !

III.

Assist me, for without thy aid
 My evil-prophecyng trade
 Will be in shame concluded.
 Even the school-boy taunting cries,
 " False prophet, by thy boding lies
 We'll be no more deluded ! "

IV.

Where wert thou, Satan, when our friends
 (Whom we both serve for private ends)
 Were driven helter skelter
 By *Wellington*, from post to post ?
 Why didst thou not afford *our* host
 Shoes, raiment, food and shelter ?

V.

Had'st thou forgotten all the sneers,
 Contemptuous irony and jeers,
 Those bad'st thy servant write
 'Gainst those who prophesied, too true,
 What *Wellington* would shortly do,
 And poor Massena's flight ?

VI.

Oft times did I insinuate
 That direful would be *England's* fate,
 And hoped so too by *Hell* !
 'Twould glad my soul, to hear her foe
 Had laid proud Britain's army low,
 And see her sons rebel.

VII.

Oh then, if I deserve thy care,
 Dear Satan Gallia's loss repair
 To speed thy servant's wishes ;
 Massena still, upheld by thee,
 ' May drive the English to the sea'
 And make them food for fishes !

VIII.

Then shall I triumph in my turn,
 Then shall my breast with rapture burn,
 While England's tears I see ;
 Then to my word all men shall bow,
 And those who dare to mock me now
 Shall then be mocked by me !

IX.

Only one other boon, thy slave
 Presumes, great prince of Hell, to crave !
 Let him no more provoke me
 Who, mouthly, (d—— him !) what I wrote,
 Ere sold to thee, crams down my throat,
 Or else, by Styx ! he'll choak me !

X.

Vouchsafe these favours, and I'll pray,
To thee thrice each returning day
Before the *drop* (*thy altar,*)
But if thou shouldst refuse me—I
Will cheat Jack Ketch, and boldly tie
Around my neck his halter.

CLERICAL DELINQUENTS.

THE following brief epistle was left at our office early in the present month; we think it entitled to more notice than that which is usually given to admonitory hints in our address to correspondents.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

MR. SATIRIST,

Before you insert any more papers under the head of "Clerical Delinquency," I would submit to your perusal the 262d No. of the Spectator. Although I admire the general tenor of your publication, yet at a time when the increase of methodism and other new-fangled doctrines threatens the total subversion of the established church, it surely behoves every man who has the interest of his country at heart, to promote, as far as his limited powers will extend, that proper respect we all owe and which is so justly due to our spiritual pastors, instead of sapping the very foundation of our religion by holding them forth to the public as objects of ridicule.

I am, Mr. SAT.

Your most obedient servant,

MODERATOR.

COMMENT.

With advice evidently so well intended, it would have been impossible to be out of humour, even if we disagreed

in toto, with respect to the sentiments which it conveyed; but as we cordially assent to most of the writer's observations abstractedly, we cannot but feel obliged by his friendly communication. To that part of it, however, which though expressed in mild and gentlemanly language, can only be considered as arraigning both our prudence and our justice, we feel compelled by that duty which we owe to our own characters to reply.—MODERATOR refers us to No. 262 of *the Spectator*, the motto to which begins thus :

“ My paper flows from *no satyric vein!* ”

How a paper which accords with such a declaration as is contained in this line can be applicable to a work, of which the very name implies that *Satire* is its principal object, we are at a loss to imagine: perhaps our correspondent would call our attention to the following passage:—

“ When I draw my faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such illnatured applications. If I write any thing on a black man I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real.—I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public—and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.”

Such might have been the conduct of a man more anxious to obtain the applause of *all men (good and bad)* and to avoid creating enemies, than to castigate and expose vice.—Such is not, and never will be, the conduct of the SATIRIST.—Great as is our respect for our readers,

our object is not so much to “*divert them*” as to excite in their bosoms an abhorrence of infamy, by exhibiting the naked deformities of the *infamous*.

The portraits of “*Clerical Delinquents*” which have been exhibited in the *Satirist* were drawn by a correspondent, of whom we know as little as we do of those whose likenesses he has attempted to delineate; we have, however, been given to understand from good authority, that he is a very respectable inhabitant of the county of Nottingham: we are ignorant even of the names of those who sat for his pictures, and if they in any degree resemble their portraits, we hope to God that we shall for ever remain ignorant of their persons: if the likenesses be not correctly drawn no one can be injured, for no person will discover whom they were intended to represent—and if they are, can any man of *Moderator*’s apparent good sense contend that the exhibition of their individual deformities tends to bring into contempt and ridicule the whole sacred profession of which they may be unworthy members?—If we were to reprobate the drunken propensities and the political profligacy of *Mr. Henry Clifford*, ought we therefore to be considered as libelling all the gentlemen of the bar?—When we say that *Cobbett* is an apostate, a l—r, and a * * * * *, does our assertion imply that every public writer is a scoundrel? Or have we, by convicting this miscreant of the most disgraceful falsehoods and of the most infamous conduct, and by holding him up to contempt and derision, degraded the literary profession? Unless *Moderator* is prepared to answer these questions in the affirmative he cannot justly accuse us of having (even unintentionally) published a single line tending to diminish the respect which is due and which we hope will ever be paid to the collective body of our orthodox clergy; for whom we have the highest reverence.—It is true that some of our

correspondents (and we hope they will attend to this hint), have occasionally been rather too general in their application of particular examples ; but unless their communications were committed to the press previously to having undergone our personal revision (which, owing to pressing engagements, has in, a *few*, but a very few instances, been the case) this has always been corrected ; and our friend **MODERATOR** may rest assured that he cannot be more anxious than ourselves to support the established religion, and to promote the public respect for its worthy spiritual teachers ; and we conceive that the most effectual means of doing this is to expose and castigate "*Clerical Delinquency.*"

WOBURN TEMPLE.

MR. SAT.

I WAS a short time since upon a visit in the neighbourhood of Woburn, of course was eager to see the abbey. At the end of the green-house is a temple dedicated to *liberty* and *patriotism*. Over the door is a Latin inscription : within are the busts of *Fox*, *Lauderdale*, &c. In consequence of the inscription I entered the temple uncovered, but upon recognizing the busts of only one party, my hat was immediately replaced upon my head. In my opinion a temple of this kind ought not to be confined to any one party, age, or country ; and under this impression I wrote, ere I quitted the place, the following extemporal lines, addressed to *Liberty*.

Before thy fane when first I gazing stood,
And view'd the tribute to the wise and good ;
When first thy proud recess my footsteps press'd,
High beat my heart, exulting heav'd by breast.

Lowly I bow'd—for here, this crowd among,
Hop'd I to greet a patriotic throng ;
Men, who 'mid dangers in their country's cause,
Rever'd their king, his conscience, and the laws.
But vain the hope ! can patriot hearts obey,
Where faction triumphs with despotic sway ?
Forgive, blest power, should indignation rise,
And view the temple with athwarted eyes.
Is this the spot for Liberty alone ?
Is this thy temple, this thy only throne ?
Shall millions, warm'd with patriotic glow,
Before thy shrine with adoration bow,
Forbid it, Heaven ! o'er all my country smile,
Let Freedom's temple be Britannia's isle !

AGRICOLA.

Southampton.

EPIGRAM

On Colonel Wardle's having taken Eden House, Paradise-row, Chelsea.

OLD Adam, 'tis said, and his frail consort Eve,
Were doom'd, for their mortal transgressions, to leave
The Garden of Eden and Paradise glory,—
As *holy writ* faithfully tells the sad story ;
But Wardle has proved, that, in our modern times,
This is not the case with political crimes ;
For long having wandered, not daring to stop,
Or in James-street, Blackheath, or the snug jelly-shop,*
He is settled at last (let all people know)
In a house, yclept EDEN, in *Paradise-row* !

* Col. W. sojourned some time at Tomlin's jelly-shop.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will thank our friends to address their communications to the Satirist office, West side of St. Clement's Church-yard, Strand,

We have received a variety of communications relative to MR. HARRY PHILLIPS'S instructions to the editor of the DAY newspaper. Our only motive for postponing further observations on this subject till next month, is to afford ourselves an opportunity of ascertaining the real facts of the case, for we consider not only the honor of Mr. P. but the credit of the public press to be involved in the event.

FIDGET has no occasion to be uneasy.

HELL-FIRE DICK is too warm.

LIGHTNING has nothing *brilliant* in his communication, in which we have not discovered a single flash of wit.

ANACREONICUS has chosen a very unapplicable *signature*—his Essay on Drunkenness appears to have been written in *sober sadness*.

Want of room prevents us from expressing our thanks individually to our numerous other correspondents.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

Travels in the South of Spain; in Letters, written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. 4to.

THOUGH the age of miracles is said to have gone by, yet the present period has been chequered with events which in the early ages of human history would have been considered as little less than *miraculous*. Amongst these, must we note that simultaneous opposition of the various provinces of Spain to the perfidious tyranny of France and her self-created emperor; an opposition so unthought of, so completely contrary to any expectations which even the most sanguine could have formed on abstract reasoning, but which, when once begun, was hailed by all those acquainted with the Spanish character and the topography of the country, as the dawn of a glorious day; and the rapidity of whose motion, like the electric shock, caused it to be felt at the same instant of time at each extremity of the body *politic*, whilst the observer, unable to mark the progressive steps which led to the *universal explosion*, and seeing only the immediate effect, without the intermediate steps connecting it with the first cause, was obliged to confess the short-sightedness of his political sagacity, and refer it at once to that *great and just cause*, at whose will empires rise and fall, and whose high behests the wicked

and the good are alike, though with different motives, striving to perform.

That events, thus soaring beyond the reach of human sagacity, may be, in some measure, considered as miraculous, we may venture to assert, without being accused of either superstition or enthusiasm: nor do we hesitate at the same time to affirm that Britain herself produced at that period an instance perhaps even more miraculous; an instance which the future historian must strongly reprobate if he wishes to preserve any credit for accuracy with posterity. Will it be believed at some future day (for even now, though witnesses of the fact, we scarcely *can* believe it) that whilst regenerated Spain was kindling her torch of resistance at the heaven-descended fire, whose embers were still burning on the sacred altar of genuine liberty, her generous efforts were viewed with sullen apathy by those who called themselves the *patriots of Britain*; that these men with their boasted blaze of *talents* were actually stumbling in the dark over the *mighty policy* of the French emperor; and that one of them in a *sixpenny letter* had the unblushing hardihood to recommend a *negociation for peace*, at the very moment when every truly patriotic heart in Britain was anxious to encourage the sacred resistance both by *word* and *deed*? It happens unfortunately however that we have too many reasons to believe this anomaly in patriotism! It was not at the commencement of the gallant efforts of Spain alone, that this *miracle* took place—as both the speeches and the writings of the party have been invariably calculated to damp domestic ardour and to destroy foreign confidence; whilst aggravated statements of ruined resources, and gloomy predictions of future reverses, have alike tended to encourage our implacable foe to prosecute his hell-born warfare, and to prompt the public voice at home to a disapproval of that system which in the last short month has produced such glorious results.

If despondency, or the attempts to produce it, ought thus to be deprecated, we must at the same time lament that a misjudging enthusiasm has too often, when its expectations were unfulfilled, led to the same consequences. A great mass of the population of Britain have judged of Spain, as if Spain and Britain were the same ; and finding that Spain had done so much, they have been too often tempted to despair of her ultimate success, because she had not done more. Those however acquainted with the nature of the country and the disposition of the people have had very different ideas ; and we are now happy to say that those who *are not*, may from the work before us acquire that portion of information which will lead them to view the affairs of the peninsula through a more rational medium. In this work, Mr. Jacob professes to give the substance of letters written to his friends during his recent excursion to the southern parts of that country, with such alterations since his return as were necessary to render what was originally intended for private amusement not totally unworthy of public perusal. In this we think he has succeeded, by giving us a lively narrative, interspersed with political observations, which whether written at the moment or since his return to his native country, cannot fail of being considered as judicious, by those whose party principles do not blind them to every excellence which is not on their own side. He disclaims all boasts of superior sagacity, and observes that the traces of national character are so strongly marked in the inhabitants of Spain, that few Englishmen who have visited that country would find much difficulty in delineating its prominent features ; at the same time, we are sorry we cannot agree with him, when he says that *whatever opinions* we may entertain with respect to domestic politics, *we all unite* in admiring the efforts of the Spanish people in their attempt to liberate

themselves from oppression ; and that *we all join* in respecting the manly firmness with which, after repeated reverses, they continue to resist their invaders, and in execrating the government which has so grossly abused their confidence, and in fervently wishing their ultimate freedom and happiness.

This however we deny—absolutely deny—*we do not all join* in these views and wishes, for we are convinced that the men who have invariably predicted disgrace and defeat, can neither *wish* for success nor *glory* in victory ; circumstances which must hand them down to posterity as *false prophets*, or perhaps as something worse.

We all recollect the clamour and invective thrown out against Marquis Wellesley at the time of his mission to Spain, and the broad assertions both in parliament and out of it, that the Spaniards could never be the cordial friends of England after the affair of the capture of the Spanish frigates, &c. &c. &c. It appears, however, that a cordiality towards the British nation, not only does exist at the present day, but did so at the very commencement of Spanish resistance. Mr. Jacob tells us, that “ the arrival of this celebrated nobleman at Seville produced an extraordinary sensation, a sensation certainly neither prepared nor fostered by the body to whom he was sent,” (and therefore the more gratifying) “ whose narrow souls were jealous of his character, and apprehensive lest his powerful talents should detect and expose their contracted policy and futile projects.” In this he alludes to the temporizing junta ; but with respect to the Spanish people, he remarks that “ all the respectable inhabitants of the city, among whom were many of those men whose information, patriotism, and energetic minds had planned and effected the first revolution, became the leaders on this occasion also, and conducted the triumphal entry of

the British minister. Seville was emptied of its population, and the expecting crowds patiently endured without the city the heat of the sun, the privation of their meals and of their *Siestu*, and tranquilly waited from morning till dusk, to welcome the man whose high rank and distinguished capacity were considered as pledges of the generous and disinterested monarch he represented." Those who have witnessed the former apathy of the Spanish character, must be well convinced that motives more powerful than curiosity had awaked this strong interest respecting a British ambassador; but as, in another part, he gives us a case even more in point, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of inserting it. Speaking of the various naval characters at Cadiz, he tells us that above all, "*Alviar*, a veteran in the service, is zealous for the cause of his country, and rejoices in her union with England; this officer commanded one of the four Spanish frigates which were interrupted before the war begun; he had passed some years in South America in the course of his service, and was returning to Spain with his wife, his children and his wealth; when they met the British squadron, he was in a boat, returning from his commander, when his ship began to engage, and he soon saw the horrid spectacle of her explosion, and the destruction of all that he valued in life. He was carried prisoner to England; and on a proper representation of his case to the government, every possible alleviation was afforded him; his family were irretrievably gone, but his wealth was generously returned, and his gratitude knows no bounds. He formed in England a matrimonial connection with a beautiful and amiable woman, whose conduct has been uncontaminated by the pernicious influence of this voluptuous society." He further exemplifies this national cordiality, now springing up, by observing that in the Spanish character

their generosity is great, at least as far as their means extend, and that many Englishmen have experienced it in rather a singular manner. He assures us, on good authority that immediately after the revolution, when the British first began to travel in the peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill at their departure, learnt to their great surprize that some of the inhabitants with friendly officiousness had paid their reckouing, and forbade the host to communicate to his guests the person to whose civility they were indebted. In an instance which fell under the author's own observation at Malaga, the parties felt hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the landlord to take the amount of their bill and give it to the person who had discharged it, but he resolutely refused, and declared he was totally ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. Nay, he declares it was even common if our countrymen went to a coffee-house, or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshments had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. To an Englishman those things must nevertheless have been unpleasant; though aware, as Mr. J. observes, that such circumstances must be attributed to the warm feelings towards Britain which were then excited by the universal enthusiasm; still does he contend that they were the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.

With respect to the present national feeling, Mr. Jacob thinks nothing is more certain than that the Spanish nation, *generally*, is roused even to madness against France, and that few are to be found who would not willingly plunge a dagger into the heart of a Frenchman, whenever an opportunity might offer; but then in developing their character, he explains that seeming paradox of their having

done so much, *yet not having done more*. He complains that in the early part of the revolution, there was no government, no ruling mind to concentrate their universal feeling. This however is less to be wondered at than lamented; and notwithstanding the meeting of the Cortes has since taken place, we are still of opinion with him, that Spain, for the moment, wants a *dictator* more than a *legislative* government. In consequence of this, we have all seen, that whatever has been done by the Spaniards has almost invariably been by individual effort, not by combined exertion; yet, says this judicious observer, “even should their armies be dispersed, and their strong towns taken, (events which I anticipate) the invaders will be so far from conquest, that a warfare will commence of the most destructive species for France, and the most secure for Spain: then will those conflicts begin, in which individual exertion is every thing, and combination unnecessary.” With respect to our future hopes of success in the peninsula, much must now depend both on the general state of the country, and of the national character; it is not a war which can be calculated by ancient or even by modern tactics. Mr. J. tells us that “there are few villages, or even solitary houses in Spain; almost all the people live in towns which are at a great distance from each other, and the fields consequently remain uncultivated, except in the vicinity of these towns: to this may be added, that the Spaniards are frugal and moderate in their mode of subsistence—but the native valour of the people, their unconquerable hatred of the invaders, their capability of enduring fatigue and hardship, and the inaccessible fastnesses of the country, hold forth the best promise of a war which may ultimately terminate in the emancipation of the peninsula.”

That this hatred to *Gallic friendship* must every day en-

crease there can be no doubt, when we contemplate the atrocities which have been recently committed; yet, strange to tell, there are people even in this country, who if they cannot deny or gloss over those enormities, will yet deprecate all mention of them, lest we should *hurt the feelings of the French*; nay, we all recollect when Mr. Jacob in his place in the house alluded to the barbarity of their proceedings near Cadiz, in having driven all the men from Port St. Mary's to work at the siege, and in *marching all the women above ten years old into the French camp*, an *honourable and patriotic member* is stated to have called him to order, and to have complained that such statements were *illiberal*, and tended to *excite rancour against the French!!!* We trust in God, that such proceedings will always excite rancour in English breasts, and that our feelings will never be blunted either by such *honourable speeches* or by any other *legal ingredients* which brewers or their druggists can furnish!

Mr. Jacob observes that it is a curious fact, though not generally known, that sugar has been one of the productions of Spain for at least seven hundred years; a fact proved by an Arabian manuscript on agriculture of the date of 1140, and which quotes another written in 1073. At present, in the neighbourhood of Malaga, native sugar may be bought for about 34s. per cwt. which is rather cheaper than the British sugars could be afforded there.

As this article has already far exceeded our intended limits, we shall now conclude with the following quotation from the appendix.

“ Are not we; is not Europe then, indebted to the persevering habits, to the patriotic feelings, to the everlasting hatred of France, which animates the people of Spain? Does not the only hope of civilized man depend in a great degree on that resistance to France, of which Spain has exhibited the most per-

vering, if not the most brilliant examples ? and if Spain should be conquered (for I should not consider the expulsion of the British army, the dispersion of her own regular troops, and the capture of all her strong towns as a conquest) what prospect remains to the continent, but the lengthened continuance of that gloomy despotism which threatens to bury in darkness all that has elevated the character of man."

Yet, even in England there are *Statesmen*, who would leave Spain and Portugal to the tyrant's grasp, and who coldly recommend *economy* in a cause, on which even the welfare of Britain herself, in a great measure depends !

Cobbett's State Trials.

ALAS ! poor Cobbett ! finding his *Register* decrease in sale daily ; and already reduced so much that it scarcely will pay his jail and other expences, has hit upon a new way of attempting "to *raise the wind*," almost as ingenious as his late endeavour to make people purchase the musty sets of his unsold Registers.

Some time back he thought proper to affix his name to a new edition of the *State Trials*, to be published in parts, which he pledged himself to complete in much less than half the time, which (as now appears by the following document) will elapse ere the work is concluded ; a *briefless barrister* was accordingly hired to superintend the business, and in due time the first number appeared.

Finding that owing to the enormous price which his thirst for "BASE LUCRE" had induced him to demand, and from the hatred of every thing that bears his name, which now exists in the minds of all honest men, the greater part of the volumes which have been published still lie mouldering on the shelves of his bookseller's shop, he has, within these few days, with the view of

making them contribute to relieve his present necessities, sent *privately* round to the booksellers printed proposals, of which the following is a true copy :

Cobbett's Complete Collection of State Trials, now publishing in quarterly volumes, at £1 11s. 6d. per volume, in boards.

A thirty-second share of the above work is offered to" (here the bookseller's name was inserted in manuscript). " It is now calculated that the work will extend to TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES, nine volumes are already published : the tenth will be ready for delivery on or about the 1st of June next ; and the copy is in such a state of forwardness, that a volume may be regularly published every three months. The last volume will consist egitirely of a general index, tables of contents, &c. &c. The plan has already been laid down, and the volume will be so proceeded in, as to be ready for delivery with the twenty-fourth volume. The work will continue to be printed by HANSARD, jun. of Peterborough-court, who has bestowed considerable pains and expence to insure the regular proceeding of it. The paper and print of the first nine volumes, including every expence for editorship, books, manuscripts, prospectuses, advertisements, &c. &c. was 11s. per volume. The expence of the ninth volume was not quite 10s. per volume. The tenth will not be more. The purchaser of a thirty-second share will have to take 40 copies, volume 1 to 9 at 11s. per volume. The price of a thirty-second share will be £150 which will entitle the purchaser to 62 copies of volume 10 to 25 at paper, print, and editorship. To be settled by notes at 6, 9, 12, 15, and 18 months : but the credit will be extended to twenty-four months to the purchaser of two shares. Further particulars may be had of Mr. Wright, 5, Panton-square, Mr. Budd, 100, Pall Mall, and Mr. T. C. Hansard, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street. An answer is requested, on or before Wednesday next, the 24th instant.

April 20th, 1811.

This is pretty well, reader, isn't it? Any person who will consent to pay £150 to *Mister Cobbett*, may be allowed to have 40 copies of *vol. 1 to 9* (*provided he purchases them at their intrinsic value*) of a work which is absolutely mouldering for want of customers, and, in addition, to have the privilege of obtaining 62 copies of the future volumes on *similar advantageous terms*!!!—Is it probable that many fools will be found to whom they can resell the work at the enormous *profit* of a guinea per volume, which *Mister Cobbett's liberality* to the public has induced him to put upon it—It appears, that, when completed, *this edition of the State Trials* will cost the private purchaser no less a sum than **THIRTY-NINE POUNDS, SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE!!!**

Under these circumstances it must be gratifying to the public, to find that *additional volumes to the old FOLIO edition* are about to be published, which will contain all the new matter of *Cobbett's* edition, and numerous and most important documents which he *cannot obtain*.

On the Powers and Duties of Juries, and on the Criminal Laws of England.—By *Sir Richard Phillips*.—Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster-row, 1811.

THE knight having *himself* in divers newspaper paragraphs, which cost him at least *ten shillings and sixpence* each, congratulated the public on the joyous occasion of “*Sir Richard Phillips's* having resolved to favor them with an *essay on the duties of jurymen*,” we waited with due anxiety for its publication, not doubting that we should derive great instruction from the pen of “*the weakest man that ever was suffered to walk the streets without a leader*.”†

† See the attorney general's and Lord Ellenborough's speeches on the trial, *Sir J. Carr v. Messrs. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe*.

Our anxiety has at length been relieved, and we hasten to pay all due attention to this astonishing effort of the most egregious knight that ever had his honors blazoned in the London Gazette.

Aware of Sir Richard's unostentatious disposition, and of his innate modesty, we were not surprised to find the following paragraph in the second page of his preface :

“ The author undertook the task during A LATE *short cessation of his private concerns* ;”

(an elegant mode this of alluding to an *existing* bankruptcy ;)

“ as an employment which he hoped would not be *without its uses* ; and whatever may be the merits or demerits of the performance, he is persuaded that he cannot be charged with any want of honest intentions, or with any deficiency of zeal in the cause of which he has become the advocate !!!”

Of course, after reading this rare instance of knightly and literary modesty, we instantly felt convinced that the Roman poet was decidedly wrong when he asserted that *Stulterum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.*

HOR. Epist. Lib. I. Ep. 16.

Those who imagined that notwithstanding Sir Richard's character for “ *over enterprize*” (as delineated by his Newgate friend) he would, in the present instance, have contented himself with extracting from the gravest and most respected law authorities such information on the important subject of *juries*, as would, if properly arranged, at once be interesting and useful, will probably feel somewhat disappointed when they peruse the work before us. Indeed the knight manfully confesses himself above consulting or quoting the doctrines of such *erroneous, capricious, and prejudiced authors*, except “ when he has found *himself* supported by the opinions of respected oracles of the law.” That is to say, he disdained to receive instruction from theirwrit-

ings, and only quoted them when they coincided with him in opinions which he had *previously formed*. That we may not be accused of misrepresenting Sir Richard we subjoin his own words.

“ Our law books, and all works which treat on the relative powers of judges and jurors, being wholly the production of lawyers, who from habit, interest, pride or prejudice, assert the superior pretensions of their order, the author has found all the just and natural rights of juries enveloped in so much false reasoning and assumed practice, that he has drawn sparingly from such sources, but has recurred chiefly to first principles and to the statutes of the realm, *except* when he has found *himself* supported, &c.”—Pref. p. vi.

Notwithstanding all this we are such inveterate creatures of habit, that we still feel inclined to prefer those explanations and constructions of “ first principles and the statutes of the realm,” which have been given by the greatest and most learned lawyers to the reveries of “ the weakest man that ever was suffered to walk the streets without a leader.”

We are by no means inclined to condemn Sir Richard’s work *in toto* : for although he professed in his preface to have drawn very sparingly from the works of others, we have found much valuable matter in the subsequent pages which we recollect to have seen in divers law authorities that we have been in the habit of consulting ; and, as he has rendered it more generally accessible, by compression, he is thus far entitled to our approbation ; but whenever he attempts to be original, whenever we meet with a sentence which is the genuine production of his own shallow brain, we discover all those marks of vanity, self-sufficiency and obtrusive ignorance which rendered him, when he was cross-examined by the Attorney-general, on the trial between Sir John Carr and Messrs. Verner and Hood, the ridicule and contempt of the whole court.

We have here abundant food for fun, but as we did not obtain the supply till the 26th of April, when our monthly banquet was almost concluded, we must postpone serving up these good things to our readers till the appearance of our next number, when we venture to promise them a delicious treat; and by thus pledging ourselves we cannot fairly be accused of vanity: for the *viands* are so plentiful and so rich, that they will require very little of our own *sauce piquante*!

The little time we have now left we shall employ in a serious examination of Sir Richard's observations on the subject of criminal prosecutions for libel, in which his ignorance of the law is as remarkable as the wide difference between his precepts and his practice.

He inserts, at full length, the act passed in the twenty-first year of the present king, entitled "*an act to REMOVE DOUBTS, respecting the functions of juries in cases of LIBEL,*" apparently for no other purpose than that of *exciting doubts*; for in his comments thereon, which he afterwards modestly informs us, "are the just, simple," (*simple enough God knows!*) "and intelligible *principles* of libel causes, and the clear and fair deductions from Mr. Fox's libel bill," (p. 258) he betrays such a gross ignorance of the law, and even of the equity, of the subject, and introduces matter so totally irrelevant, that we really should have been induced to believe the unfortunate knight had taken leave of his senses, had we not known that he was the friend of Cobbett, the volunteer witness for Wardle, and, in short, a thorough-bred mischief-planning patriot!

Before we quote any of Sir Richard's aphorisms, we shall state our own opinion, as to what ought to be the conduct of a **GRAND JURY**, when an indictment for a libel is laid before them. They should first reflect that

the very finding a true bill for this offence, subjects the party accused to a certain expence of at least one hundred pounds, provided the indictment is to be tried in the King's Bench. The *prosecutor* has no one step to take after the bill is found, until the day of trial; all the expence is thrown upon the accused, who, though ultimately declared innocent, must expect no reimbursement. They should, therefore, when a private individual is the subject of the alledged libel, consider whether the matter thereof have a tendency to *a breach of the peace* at the time of the presentment, or whether it ever had such a tendency; for it is this tendency which renders it the subject of *criminal* prosecution! And indeed, a great law authority has observed, that "a grand jury should not find an indictment for libel, unless the offence be of such signal enormity, that it may reasonably be construed to have a tendency to disturb the peace and harmony of the community." (Jac. art. Libel). If the individual alledged to be libelled, is the only person likely to be injured, he ought to be left to his remedy by *action*. As Sir Richard Phillips has in a great measure adopted these sentiments relative to grand juries, it is but fair to quote him.

"A grand jury," says he, "should support their own dignity, and the dignity of the laws, by rejecting all bills on trifling, ridiculous, and contemptible charges; and they ought never to suffer themselves to be made instruments for supporting private malice. It should be kept constantly in mind, that all indictments are at the suit of the king, for offences against his good government, or against the peace and security of the public." p. 88.

All this is very well! but possessing such sentiments as these, how came this identical knight to have himself

preferred, in 1808, the most ridiculous bills of indictment (against the proprietors of the *Satirist*) that ever were rejected with scorn by an indignant grand jury? Sir Richard was then in the plenitude of his meretricious glory and imaginary greatness; and we should have hoped from the preceding extract, that subsequent *misfortune* had taught him wisdom, had we not, in other parts of his book, discovered the most convincing proofs of his undiminished folly. We have not room for all the eleven “*practical observations*,” as he styles them, with which Sir Richard has favoured the public on the subject of libel; but we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with a few of them, from which specimen they may judge pretty accurately of the whole.

OBSERVATION IV.

“The author only is *principal* in the crime of libel, and whenever a printer or a bookseller are proven *parties*, they are only *accessaries*!” p. 252.

OBSERVATION V.

“The matter itself is evidence as to the *intention* of the author; but *no verdict* of guilty can, in reason or in law, go against the printer or vendor, on mere proof of their printing or publishing, and without positive proof of malicious participation.” p. 252.

How must those who have any, *even the least*, acquaintance with the laws of their country, laugh at this proof of poor Sir Richard’s ignorance. That respected authority, *Mr. Serjeant Hawkins*, in his “*Pleas of the Crown*, Vol. I. Chap. 77. § 10, differs, at any rate, most materially from this *inspired* commentator on our laws; his words are these: “Not only he who composes, or procures another to compose a libel, but also he who *publishes*, or procures another to publish it, is liable to be punished

for it; and it is not material whether he who disperses a libel knew *any* thing of its contents." We really think Serjeant Hawkins better authority than Sir Richard Phillips. There is a most *important* and *recondite truth* conveyed in

OBSERVATION VII.

" If the writing charged be *no* libel, and therefore no crime, the *jury* need not enquire any further, but they are bound to pronounce a verdict of **NOT GUILTY**. If they decide that it is a criminal libel, which ought to be punished for the example of others, then *in the order of importance*, they ought to be fully satisfied by the evidence, that the party accused was either the principal or author, or an accessory, as the printer or publisher." p. 253.

OBSERVATION VIII.

" The third point relates to the *criminal intention*, and this consideration is of equal importance with the others. If the two first points are proved against a principal or author, that is to say, if the writing is criminal and deserving of punishment, as an example to others, and if the accused is proved to have been its author, the criminal intention is *generally* to be inferred from the proven commission of the crime, and a verdict of guilty must follow of course." p. 254.

All this Sir Richard had told us before, in *Observation V.* only he then told us that the *matter* was *always* evidence of the *intention*; but the knight has long been accustomed, in his days of prosperity, to train his hack authors in the art of *book-making*, and he appears, in his present work, to be resolved that no one shall have occasion to exclaim, as far as regards himself,

" *Quid facient domini audent cum talia fures?*"

OBSERVATION IX.

“ But the considerations are **TOTALLY DIFFERENT** in regard to an **ACCESSORY**,” (Sir Richard, no doubt thinks it probable that he may himself some day be one.) “ The writing may be a gross libel; it may be the most mischievous production ever published, and yet the *printer* or *publisher* may be free from *all criminality.*” p. 254.

From this we are led to suppose that Sir Richard himself has been in the habit of publishing divers works, and consequently, of pledging himself to the public, in his puffing advertisements, that they were *most excellent*, without even having condescended to ascertain the nature of their *contents*. If a bookseller chooses to publish any book without first examining its pages, he is, and ought to be, in law, *responsible*: and we should be glad to know how any man can print a libel without reading it? The law on this subject we have before quoted in our remarks on his 5th *observation*, and as we do not wish to “ spin out” our matter, we shall not repeat it here. We cannot, however, conclude without reminding our readers that it was against the *printer* and *publisher*, and not against the *author*, of THE SATIRIST, that Sir Richard advised and compelled poor Ben. Tabart to bring his unfortunate actions, in July 1808, and that it was against the **SAME PARTIES**, that he himself preferred the bills of *indictment* which were thrown out by the *grand jury*.

For the present, “ sweet knight—adieu!”

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti?—HOR.

OPERA HOUSE.—On Thursday the 25th instant was produced, for the benefit of Madame Catalani, a new opera, entitled *La Climene*, written by M. Caravita. The plot is taken from the history of Spain, and has rather more of dramatic effect than is usual in those pieces which are brought forward at the Italian theatre. The following account of the fable, which is prefixed to the printed copies of the opera, will enable our readers to comprehend its nature :

“ Sancho, King of Navarre, and Ferdinand, Count of Castille, had long been at war, when they resolved to decide their quarrel by a pitched battle. In the heat of the action the two princes met, they fought, and the King of Navarre fell.

“ By the mediation of the neighbouring powers, a peace was made between Ferdinand and king Garcia, son of the deceased Sancho, in the articles of which was inserted a promise of marriage between Ferdinand and Sarco, daughter of the late King, and sister of Garcia (whom we shall call Climene, as being better adapted for setting to music.)

“ Ferdinand went at last to Navarre, by which event commences the drama; and instead of being made the happy bridegroom of Climene, was thrown into prison and loaded with chains. The treacherous behaviour of Garcia incensed Climene; she felt compassion for the captive prince, and love gradually arising in her breast, she determined to procure his release. The plots of Climene, Elvira

and Thomas the keeper, to enlarge Ferdinand—and the arrival of Duarte, a Castilian general, for his deliverance, with other episodes—form the plot of the drama."

In criticising the productions at this theatre, we generally confine our observations to the *music* and the *performers* ; indeed it would be waste of time to enter into a critical examination of an Italian drama.

The music of *La Climene* is by Signor V. Trento, and great part of it is entitled to very high commendation. A *terzetto* beginning ' *Fedes inviolabile*' , which was admirably sung by Catalani, Treinezzani and Naldi, towards the conclusion of the first act, was very effective. A *scena* consisting of a fine recitative and air, which were given with her usual excellence by Madame Catalani, was delightful, particularly the latter—but the finest composition in the opera is, in our opinion, the sublime prayer in the second act beginning " *Benigno Cicl*."

Signor Cauzini who personated *Garcia*, is certainly an acquisition ; he wants power of voice, but sings in a good style ; and in point of acting is only excelled by Tremazzani and Naldi : the latter of whom never appeared to greater advantage than in the character of the prison-keeper, which he played in a most chaste and natural manner.

Although we have expressed a favourable opinion of the music, we do not think it calculated to display the peculiar excellencies of Madame Catalani : indeed we have seen both her and Tremazzani to much greater advantage in other operas.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new comedy called ' *The Extraordinary Gazette*,' and written by Mr. Holman, was brought forward on Tuesday last at this *equestrian theatre* ; the characters of which, to our great surprize, were all filled by *two-legged* performers.

The plot is but trivial.—Lord de Mallory (Young) is betrothed by the whimsical will of an old grandfather to Lady Julia Sandford, (Mrs. H. Johnston), who refuses to marry him, from the recollection of his tyrannic temper when a boy. On hearing of his arrival from abroad, where he had been on duty as a soldier, she leaves De Mallory castle, and places herself under the protection of her cousin, Mr. Heartworth, (Munden) a plain country gentleman of the old school, whom she accompanies to his house in the neighbourhood of the lakes: thither Lord de Mallory, indignant at being rejected unheard and unseen, follows her, gets introduced under the name of his friend Major Clayton, (Barrymore,) (who had been to him while abroad, a sort of military as well as moral mentor,) and after having rendered himself interesting by saving a little Welch girl (Miss Booth) from drowning in this assumed character, wins Lady Julia's heart.

Mr. Heartworth prepossessed in favour of the fictitious Major Clayton, from the handsome manner in which that name had been mentioned in the *Extraordinary Gazette*, and having accidentally discovered their mutual love, offers Lord de Mallory Lady Julia's hand. A scene of much interesting embarrassment ensues. Lord de Mallory disdains to be accepted only for the character he has assumed, and yet knows not how to refuse the hand of the lady in whom is comprised all his happiness: he accidentally lets drop the name of Lord de Mallory, both the other parties start; Heartworth in a dignified and distant manner tells him that "Lord de Mallory has no business there;" and then good humouredly whispers him, that "if he is acquainted with Lord de Mallory, to cut the connexion;" he concludes with pressing the supposed major's hand, and at the same moment emphatically ex-

claiming, “d——n Lord de Mallory.” The embarrassed peer seems inclined to appeal to the lady; she quickly confirms the statement of Heartworth, by observing that “having purchased her freedom of election by the loss of fortune, Lord de Mallory’s name can have no influence with her.” Received only as Major Clayton, rejected in his own person, the wavering lover after a struggle rejects Lady Julia’s hand, and abruptly withdraws. Lady Julia is again summoned back to Mallory castle to clear her character from the unjust insinuations of Lady de Mallory (Mrs. Weston). The dramatist then exerts his privilege, by bringing about an explanation between all parties. Lord de Mallory marries Lady Julia, and Major Clayton is rather unnaturally united to Ellen Meredith, (Miss Booth) whose father, then a serjeant, had preserved the major’s life in battle by the sacrifice of his own. The principal source of entertainment in this comedy is the well conceived and ludicrous embarrassment of some of its situations, and the frequent occurrence of equivoque. Mr. Fawcett performs a sort of compound of the characters of Dr. Pangloss, Caleb Quotem, and Lenitive, and he personates it with his usual felicity of comic talent. In the hope of preferment from extending his connexion, he introduces the fictitious major (whom he had that moment seen for the first time) as *his particular friend*, to Heartworth, who soon after requests the doctor to give lady Julia an account of *his friend* the major’s achievements at Seringapatam, which had been blazoned forth in the *Extraordinary Gazette*—a dilemma consequently ensues—he knows nothing of the action alluded to, while Heartworth is described as “knowing every Gazette by rote.” The ardour of Heartworth induces him, in consequence of the doctor’s hesitation, to relate all the circumstances himself as they were detailed in the *Gazette*—*Suitall* takes advan-

tage of this, and repeats all his words after him ; which, in the heat of his recitation he does not discover, but supposes that the doctor is equally perfect in the story as himself, and thus the former escapes detection—this scene was very animated and most admirably performed.

Our readers will easily perceive from this sketch that there is nothing *extraordinary* either in the *plot* or characters.—The first act is most lamentably dull, but the three succeeding ones were by no means deficient in spirit and stage effect. The fifth, however, is very heavy and long ; the conclusion is unnecessarily protracted, after the audience have become perfectly acquainted with the *denouement*.—This is a great dramatic defect, but Mr. Holman's comedy has a greater, the characters are often very awkwardly introduced, and they generally appear to quit the stage merely because they have nothing farther to say : consequently their *exits* are very ineffective.—MUNDEN played the honest warm-hearted old gentleman, who has every '*Gazette Extraordinary*' by rote, with great chastity and effect. Jones is certainly improved, and was deservedly applauded in *Sir Harry Aspen* : we must, however, hint to this gentleman, that men of fashion are not in the habit of appearing in *full dress* at *all* times of the day ; and that although a pair of white silk stockings may display the calves of his legs to great advantage, and a pair of white kerseymere breeches be equally becoming to other parts of his figure, they are not adapted to a morning's lounge; neither is a *flat hat*, whether carried under the arm or on the head, a very effectual machine for protecting the wearer's visage from the beams of the scorching sun, or from “the peltings of the pitiless storm!—Mr. Young played Lord de Mallory as he does every thing, with great judgment ; but why such an unmeaning *every-day* character was given to him we are at a loss to imagine

—Brunton, who God knows is no very stupendous genius, was fully competent to the part, and we do think that the managers are extremely culpable for having given it to the best performer in their theatre.—What can be their motive for such injustice? If it be not either jealousy or partiality, we hope Mr. Kemble will prove the contrary by appearing in the character of the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, or as one of his *grave-diggers*.

We understand there is a magnificent *equestrian drama* in preparation, in which the horses are to do almost every thing except the *speaking* of the *prologue* and *epilogue*, which Mr. Monk Lewis (the author) has in vain endeavoured to adapt to their capacities.

We have no doubt but the steeds will have a great *run*. Indeed, it now appears that their *stage* can't *go on* without *horses*, which the gentlemen of the whip club say is not at all surprising; for the *Reading stage*, which some of them occasionally drive, has long been in a similar *predicament*!

The *opera* of “the AMERICANS” was produced at the LYCEUM too late in the month to be noticed in our present number.

No other novelty has appeared at this theatre since our last.

April 29th, 1811.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum tantas componere lites !—Hor.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree ?—POPE.

1. An Inquiry into the Claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to the Countenance and Support of Members of the Established Church ; by the Reverend John Hume Spry.

“ This little pamphlet so *candidly* and so *judiciously* considers the effects likely to be produced on the christian world by the claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and so *clearly establishes* the impolicy of an indiscriminate surrender to those claims, that we feel a more than ordinary interest in *recommending* it to the *serious attention*,” &c. “ This *respectable* author,” &c. “ There are several *interesting reflections*,” &c. “ There follow some *very sensible* remarks,” &c. “ The various ways in which the influence of the dissenters is extended under the constitution of that society, are *ably shewn* in this pamphlet ; which offers some *important cautions*,” &c.—Antijacobin Review.

“ Respecting this production, it would be kindness to the individual and his cause, to maintain a profound silence. There is so much *illiberal suspicion*, *narrow prejudice*, and *arrogant dogmatism* ; so much *incorrect statement* (to use the gentlest word) in point of *fact*, and such a *total absence* of *all* the symptoms which usually accompany the exercise of an *enlarged understanding*, *a refined taste*, *delicate feelings*, and *christian charity* ;” &c.—Eclectic Review.*

* This last extract is taken from an elaborate article which the Eclectic Review has just finished, consisting of a violent attack on the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge ; a sort of knowledge, indeed, in which the Eclectic reviewers do not at all deal. The early

2. A few Remarks, explanatory of the Motives which guided the Operations of the British Army during the late short Campaign in Spain ; by Brigadier-General Henry Clinton.

Observations on the Movements of the British Army in Spain, in Reply to the Statement lately published by Brigadier-General Henry Clinton ; by a British Officer,

part of their remarks on the present occasion, is distinguished by the following pathetic speculation : " If it were possible to recover that *original grain of wheat*, which we may suppose to have *enfolded the vital nourishment*, and indeed the *embryo being of almost the whole Human race*, it would produce *far stronger emotions* in a *contemplate mind*, than the *brightest gem* that ever enriched a museum or adorned a crown. And it is with a similar but *sublimer* feeling that we *reflect*," &c.—The *sublimity* of this thought is quite equalled by its *originality, esse, and beauty*. We have before spoken of the long rigmarole introductions which the Eclectic reviewers are in the habit of prefixing to what they call their criticisms : we shall here present our readers with one choice specimen of these ; taken from the Number for January 1809 ; and then have done with the subject, as we despair of ever seeing this surpassed. The article in question sets out thus : " Next to the *inconceivable variety of forms and substances* that constitute the *material universe*, there is *nothing in nature more wonderful* than the *diversity among things of the same species*. Perhaps no *two blades of grass, no two grains of corn*, were ever *entirely alike*.—The *leaf of an oak* is a *familiar object*, of *elegant and simple construction* : nevertheless we may *almost safely affirm*, that since the creation *no two oak-leaves ever so nearly resembled each other*, that they could not *easily have been discriminated* on comparison. To the *mind even of an archangel* it might be *impossible to form an intelligible idea* of the *sum of such leaves* that have been produced in the *world*, were their *number recorded before him*: yet *far more difficult of comprehension* is the *fact which we assume, and which we believe, that each unit of that sum would represent a certain leaf which had been marked by some peculiarity that distinguished it from all the rest*. If in *so small a compass, and so slight a subject*, there be an *endless diversity of character* (for shape, size, and colour may be said to characterise foliage), *of far greater variation* from one general standard must the *human countenance* be susceptible, since it is composed of *many features*,

" We cannot but respect the motives of brigadier-general Clinton, although his reasons rather excite pity than beget conviction. This very impolitic and confused publication," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

" General Clinton furnishes *material evidence and explanations*," &c. " The person calling himself ' a British Officer,' attacks, somewhat INTEMPERATELY, the *candid* and *DISTINCT* narrative of general Clinton; and with a *preposterous assurance*," &c.—Edinburgh Review.

" The second of these publications is a TEMPERATE and well-written reply to the statement of general Clinton."—Universal Magazine.

the *meanest* of which is incomparably *more curiously designed* and *more exquisitely wrought* than the *leaf of a tree*. *Faces* are *often so palpably akin*, that they *AT ALL TIMES* remind us the one of the other, and *occasionally mislead us* with respect to persons of whom we have an *imperfect knowledge*; but assuredly there were *never two visages so equal* (to use a *geometrical term*), that if *placed together*, and *examined* by an *eye* connected with an *intellect above an idol's*, they would not have been found *dissimilar in every line*. The *mind of man* is *infinitely more complex* than his countenance, and capable, therefore, of *modification* in an *infinitely higher degree*. It is the noblest work on earth of that Being who made all things according to his own pleasure, and who made every species, not only more generally distinct from the other, but more individually distinguishable, as they rose in *dignity* in the *order of creation*. *Two plants* of the same kind are *more unlike* each other than *two pieces of clay*, *two animals* than *two plants*, *two minds* than *two animals*. Now *every thing in nature* which can be perceived by our *senses*, is necessarily *circumscribed* within a line of *impassable variation* that determines its *period*, its *form*, and its *dimensions*. It is physically *impossible* for an *acorn* to *increase* to the *size of a gourd*, for a *butterfly* to *live a hundred years*, or for a *human body* to *grow in the shape of a tree*."—This, with *above a page and a half more* of such stuff, forms the introduction to a review of ——————what, for a *ducat*?————— a volume of Mr. *Crabbe's poems*!

3. Essays, explanatory and experimental, upon a few select Passages of Scripture ; by Stephen Lowry, M. D.

“ This work strenuously contends for the *grand doctrines* of CHRISTIANITY, and manifests a *very devotional spirit*.”—Eclectic Review.

“ We confess our surprise at meeting with Dr. Lowry in the character of a *runk METHODIST* ; an *enthusiast more flighty* if possible, than the German baron himself, that prince of visionary religionists. Prefixed to the volume is a respectable list of subscribers ; the greater part of whom, we presume, subscribed rather from a motive of charity, than from any sentiment congenial with the *raving professor* of spiritual experiences.”—Antijacobin Review.

4. A Dane's Excursion in Britain ; by J. A. Andersou.

“ These little volumes contain a *good deal of amusing chit-chat* ; and will *reward the perusal* of the lovers of light and desultory reading, much better than many of the sentimental and slipslop performances of the present day.”—Critical Review.

“ These two little volumes contain some *lively and entertaining* remarks. The writer candidly puts his name to his work ; which indeed, on a cursory perusal, it is our opinion that he will *have no occasion to repent*. He seems *exceedingly well acquainted* with *English manners*, our language, and with our *best classical authors*. He has communicated some *entertaining anecdotes* ; and the narrative is far better *worth perusal* than the numberless ephemeral productions,” &c.—British Critic.

“ A performance more *entirely uninteresting*, it has seldom been our fate to peruse ; and why it should have been *inflicted* on the public, is a question we are not at leisure to determine. The ‘ excursions’ of ‘ a Dane’ are made up for the most part of *trifles* so *perfectly insignificant*, as no *sane Englishman*, we are clear, would ever have ventured beyond the precincts of a private letter ; nor have they, in recompence for their intrinsic *insipidity*, that air of artlessness,” &c.—Eclectic Review.

5. *The Assassin of St. Glenroy, a Novel in four Volumes :*
by Anthony Frederick Holstein.

“ The author has displayed a *respectable* share of *talent* in working up his story, and contrives to *keep the feelings alive.*”—*Antijacobin Review.*

“ The incidents are *INTERESTING* and *well-imagined* ; some of the characters are *ORIGINAL*, and *ably* supported ; and the dialogue, though too *flowery*, is *always animated*, and occasionally *witty.*”—*Monthly Review.*

“ The art of spinning an *UNINTERESTING* tale into four volumes, we think pretty good spinning indeed. Frivolous and vacant must that mind be, and most easily amused, if the four volumes of *St. Glenroy* can for an instant claim attention from its *NOVELTY* or *morality.* The former it *wants*, and the latter is neither here nor there. We are sorry to say that the *Assassin of Glenroy* has *little to recommend it.*”—*Critical Review.*

6. *Strictures on two Critiques in the Edinburgh Review on the Subject of Methodism and Missions ; by John Styles.*

“ We shall proceed to make a few short remarks upon the sacred and *silly* gentleman before us.—It is not the poor we have attacked ; but the writing poor, the publishing poor, the limited arrogance which mistakes its own trumpery sect for the world : nor have we attacked them for want of talent, but for want of *modesty*, *want of sense*, and *want of true rational religion* ; for every fault which *Mr. John Styles* defends and *exemplifies*.—This *bad writer* is perpetually saying,” &c. “ This *fanatical* writer opens upon us his *missionary battery*, firing away with the most incessant fury, and calling names, all the time, as loud as lungs accustomed to the *eloquence of the tub* usually vociferate. If any thing could surprise us from the pen of a methodist, we should be truly surprised at the *very irreligious and presumptuous answer* which *Mr. Styles* makes to some of our arguments. In answer to all the *low malignity* of this author,” &c.—*Edinburgh Review.*

“ This production *exposes very insufficiently* the *IRRELIGIOUS*

spirit and artful calumnies of the *reviewer*; satisfactorily refutes several of his sophistical reasonings; and offers a shrewd explanation of his motives," &c. "We are indebted to Mr. Styles for detecting the *cloven foot*," &c. "The performance reflects credit both on his *talents* and his *principles*."—Eccentric Review.

"There is no greater nuisance in the literary world than an ignorant scribbler who is inundated with *self-conceit*. We leave it to the tender conscience of *Mr. Styles* to determine whether he do not come under this description. We ask him whether he be not amongst those who are continually lying in wait for some publication of importance, which they no sooner descry than they endeavour to *crawl into notice* by attacking it in a style of *flippant* and *familiar ribaldry*. The Edinburgh Review some time ago exhibited a very judicious critique on the subject of methodism and missions; and this brought *Mr. Styles* upon the stage, who takes upon himself to decide on all subjects in a tone of dogmatism which nothing but his *ignorance* can excuse.—We really could not read the following without a feeling of *utter disgust*. It is really a *misfortune* to any body of men to have such a *panegyrist* as *Mr. Styles*: his officious *zeal* can serve only to bring them more strongly into *suspicion* and *disrepute*. His habits of society appear to have been such as to make him familiar with all the *colloquial coarseness* of *vulgar life*."—Critical Review.

7. Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, MDCCCIX.

"On the whole, there is much of *science* and *judgment* displayed throughout the whole work."—Beau Monde.

"—This consideration has induced the London college of physicians to put forth a new edition of their *Pharmacopœia*, accommodated, for the most part, to the improved state of chemical science; in doing which, they have, in our opinion, rendered a most essential service to the medical profession.—On the whole, we are of opinion that, although it may be susceptible of some

further improvements, the new *Pharmacopœia* of the London College reflects much *credit* on the *industry*, *learning*, and *ability*, of the committee of physicians appointed to compose it; and we may safely pronounce that it will prove of the *greatest utility* to all orders of the medical profession."—*British Critic*.

" That these doctors have sown the seeds of *endless confusion*, will shortly be manifest.—This *literary legerdemain* the doctors no doubt consider as very scientific. They tell us that they were aware of the danger and inconvenience of frequent changes of names; yet they change or abandon them, not indeed with the playful thoughtlessness that a child does with its toys, but with all the artful *levity* of a coquet with her gallants. We would not be understood to deny the *existence* of all necessity for changing certain names; but it is the *absurd* and *silly* reasons adduced by the college for their changes, which we think so *disgraceful*. Their work is much more likely to excite *pity* than indignation. In truth, considering the improved state of physical knowledge, we have seldom seen a *Pharmacopœia* so *totally devoid* of all spirit of *science*, manifesting such a *sterility* or *negation* of *intellect*, and so *learnedly silly* as the present."—*Antijacobin Review*.

8. Sunday Reflections.

" The reflections contained in this volume are, as we were prepared from the preface to expect, offered in a *very plain* manner. They are not however the less useful on that account; and being chiefly intended for the use of *servants* and others whose occupations may not allow them the opportunity regularly to attend their church on Sundays, they may be *most profitably* left in the way of all such persons."—*Antijacobin Review*.

" This volume does *not* appear to us sufficiently *plain*, *forcible*, and *striking*, for *servants*, and other persons in the *lower ranks* of life."—*Eclectic Review*.

" The pious and sensible author of this excellent volume, re-

gretting that although every library abounds with good sermons and other religious publications, these are not attainable by *servants*, has printed these Sunday Reflections for their use and benefit. He has therefore taken the first lessons for the morning and afternoon of each Sunday, as subjects of observation ; and has in *plain, familiar*, but *very impressive* terms, pointed out and explained the historical facts, and the moral and religious instruction, they were severally intended to convey. There can be no hesitation in recommending these Sunday Reflections as *admirably adapted* to their purpose. So well indeed do they seem to us to be *calculated* for *servants*, and those of *humble ranks*," &c.—British Critic.

9. Sir Frantic the Reformer, or the Humours of the Crown and Anchor ; a Poem in two Cantos.

“ This is a *very good* specimen of Hudibrastic verse, and possesses *considerable humour*. The object is,” &c. : “ this is kept up to the extent of almost a hundred pages, with a *great deal of spirit* and *facetiousness*.”—British Critic for December 1809.*

“ The reformers are here exposed and ridiculed in Hudibrastic verse, with *much* of the *humour*, and *no small portion* of the *talents*, of Butler. The characters are, many of them, *ably delineated* ; the procession to the Crown and Anchor is *well described* :” &c. “ The opening of the grand procession is *highly humorous* and *characteristic*. Amidst such *just* and *appropriate* satire,” &c.—Antijacobin Review.

“ We have no objection to an exposure of the follies, vanities, and vices, of the Burdettites, or any other set of people ; but we possess a *very serious aversion* to paying four shillings for 88 pages of *egregious foolery* and *nonsense*.”—Monthly Mirror.

* The British Critic, according to custom, favours us with a *second review* of this work in its number for September, 1810.



APOLLO in DAN

Author's
on the
Plan of a
New Tragedy
in
Texas.
Re
Poetry for an
Oratorio

